Christopher Morley Observes Shakespeare's Birthday

The Saturday Review of Literature

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Critics' Nominations for the Pulitzer Prize Awards

"FLOTSAM"
By Erich Maria Remarque
Reviewed by Ben Ray Redman

"AMERICAN FICTION, 1920-1940"
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ERICH MARIA REMARQUE: "He has painted an animated, changing gallery of haunting portraits." *(See page 5)*

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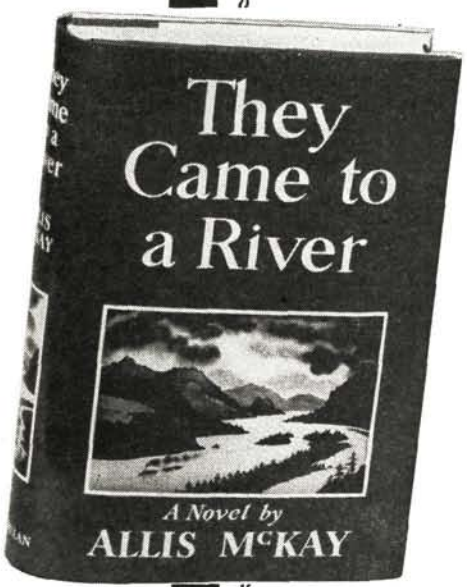

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Shakespeare and Ivory Bomb Shelters

SOME NOTES ON SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHDAY

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

THE richest revenue of any art is the unearned increment it sometimes acquires from what happens later, of which the artist could have no specific foreboding. No matter how high the intention nothing could be written, *ad hoc,* so moving-timely to Now as "The Tempest." There indeed was "a kernel, sown in the sea to bring forth other islands."

"Tempest 1611" was probably taken by many of its earliest audience as a pleasing waggishness and "quaint device"; though I can imagine Beaumont and Fletcher going back to their joint lodging and telling the famous Mutual Wench (see Aubrey) that Will Had Something There. But the full measure of what he had needed more than three hundred years to reach its perfected felicity—or frequency. It had to wait for the invention of radio. I learned only the other day (*Studio Magazine, January, 1941*) that on the façade of Broadcasting House in London is a beautiful statue of Prospero and Ariel carved by the late Eric Gill.

Through the months of a damned and anxious winter "The Tempest" was my secret resource, my private War Relief. An ivory bomb shelter, you may suppose; but I found it not a flight from reality, rather a change of venue from one sort of reality to another not less actual; as it perhaps was for Shakespeare himself. I imagined myself a director staging the piece for immediate production, and I dare say I spent more time thinking about it, and transcribing it line for line in an abbreviated and practical script, than its author ever did. The conception of Ariel as an invisible radio-voice makes the fable instantly rational to our own habits of thought. Where Ariel's invisibility requires extra lines for that spirit, it was easy to supply them from the Sonnets, or such a stunning felicity as Glendower's lines (in "1st Henry IV")—

> The musicians that shall play to thee
> Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence.

Indeed the analogies became so momentous that, as spring approached, I could think of the play only as "Tempest 1941." In the queerest way it always kept just ahead of the news. When the lend-lease bill was being argued I found the stage direction "A Ship at Sea; Afterwards an Island" the most literal and brief abstract of the Battle of the Atlantic. When an American luxury liner went mysteriously aground on a Florida sand-bar —a vessel, evidently, "of the *Littorio* class"—I thought of course of Shakespeare's bewitched shipload of fascists in the tropics. Whenever I carried firewood from the backyard pile I flattered myself as the "patient log-man"; and Ferdinand and Miranda easily reminded me of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, also humble refugees from courtly comme-il-faut. I could not even set about any routine job of journalism or lecture without saying grimly to myself, "Let's hang some trumpery on the line." I mention this remark of Prospero's because it was the only speech I am really sorry to lose in my shortened version. I lost it because I felt, at that point, my imagined audience had had all they could endure of Stephano and Trinculo—who were, as Shakespeare's stage direction so far anticipated modern argot, "all wet."

Like everyone else, I guess, I had

been thinking of "The Tempest" all these years as a philosophical allegory of the inward self—whether Shakespeare's or anyone's. I said enough about that notion of it in a book published ten years ago ("John Mistletoe") and have no taste to rehash it. But it needed another World War to show how fantastically apropos it is as political fugue. (Rauschning in his latest book, "The Redemption of Democracy," has a powerful passage, pp. 98 ff., on the "Calibanism" of the totalized states.) It took the tragic capers of Mussolini, dressed like an organgrinder's monkey, to lampoon the astonishing parallels. I considered writing a marginal gloss, thinking of Coleridge's glorious argumentation running like the pilot's dory alongside the steep hull of the Ancient Mariner; but indolence persuaded me it would annoy the reader and cause a lot of typesetting trouble. It would begin something like this:—

A ship of state, carrying totalitarian leaders homeward after a politico-social junket in North Africa, is overtaken by sudden gale . . . which drives the vessel upon unknown dangers. . . . The behavior of passengers and seamen to each other at once suggests that this is not just a sea-sorrow but also a political fable. . . . And Miranda's first words enlarge the suspicion. It was a tempest raised by "art"—viz., a brainstorm or a passion in the mind, and its ravages were intellectual. . . . So Miranda, true to her name, is full of wonder. Reared in that innocent isolation she knows nothing beyond the island; remembers nothing of her infancy save the troop of tirewomen. . . . Of Mrs. Prospero we learn only the unrelished commendation "a piece of virtue." Pushing the heroine's mother out of the story is of course a frequent simplification in fiction; especially when the author favors the idea that a girl raised in a world of men will be cured of female pragmatism and so more lenient to man's goat-caprice. . . . Shakespeare has been accused cynic in his deletion of

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grown-up women from his most original parable, but "What the Author Had in Mind" is less concern of ours. . . . The question is, What Has the Reader (or Spectator) in Mind?. . . . And so Miranda, perhaps because it is the tropical siesta-time just after lunch, finds the Old Man's narrative something drowsy . . . until she herself comes into Prospero's story, which houses her curiosity at once. . . . On the island that Shakespeare is talking about, the lonely island of the individual mind, that is usually so? Drowsiness toward others' problems, prompt wakefulness when *I* come on the scene. . . .

During those winter days I several times relieved my mind by dictating extempore memoranda about the play. They are not polishable, but they are part of the record and I preserved them as an evidence of the kind of collaborative reading which I think should be encouraged.

Collaboration

The good reader collaborates with the author. This morning let's choose a colleague; let's choose Shakespeare.

It's over thirty years, I think, since "The Tempest" was last produced commercially (if that's the word) in New York. If I were a theatrical entrepreneur that is the play I would choose. It isn't even a play in our usual meaning of the word. The title itself is ominous and fearfully of Now. Let us imagine that we know nothing about this script, handed us this morning by our collaborator, and reëxamine it according to our own necessity.

"Scene: a ship at sea; afterwards an island." The first question to ask, is this a real ship, is this a real island? Prospero's opening speech gives us our clue. After the storm and shipwreck he tells us, "There's no harm done." Obviously then it is not an actual ship, and the storm is a storm in the mind.

With that clue, then, we consider the first scene. At once we observe that the persons are of two kinds: the dichotomy suggested by Kipling as the Marthas and the Marys. The shipmaster and the bosun are sons of Martha, theirs is the job to navigate the vessel and save her if possible. The sons of Mary are the saloon passengers, a group of fascist aristocrats who swarm up on deck as soon as the ship is in danger and get in the way of the crew. There is some evidence that Shakespeare knew more than a little about ships, and we see at once that his sympathy is with the skipper and the bosun. Plenty of savory details could be noted about this brief little prologue but let us leave it at this: our collaborator begins by suggesting a definite social breach (he even uses that word in regard to the ship, "We split, we split") between earth's passengers and crew. It is suggested this first time on the lower level of actual handiwork and physical skill. Later he drives this fissure through the world of politics and of intellect itself. I wish there were time to insist upon the technical accuracy of the ship's handling: setting the "main course" for instance, is exactly what would need to be done to claw off a leeward shoal. But in the case of this collaborator we may take it for granted that his technical details are likely to be exact.

Scene 2: Even the most casual reader will notice the allusions to Prospero's "art." A prime purport of our collaboration must therefore be to enquire what is the nature of this art? The simple reader will say at once, oh some kind of magic. Aye, indeed, but for our present significance, what sort of magic? For the concepts of its earliest audience it is a magic which our colleague thought it necessary to symbolize by an actual garment—a "mantle." We ask ourselves, what would a mantle suggest to that audience? A mantle of darkness? A mantle of secrecy or solitude or invisibility? Note that in dealing with this collaborator we need always to ask questions that have two-way stretch. We can best learn what a passage really suggests to us if we can divine something of what it suggested to him.

There comes then somewhat lengthy dialogue between our magician Prospero and his daughter Miranda (and even their names may have meant something special) in which Prospero tells how the scholar who neglected worldly affairs was exiled from his dukedom and how with household goods and books he arrived at this island. Miranda (age 15, remember) rapidly wearies of the story and seems to pay no heed. One of the oddities of this island, frequently mentioned, is the drowsy quality of the air. No nembutal or other soporific is needed for the mind to lapse into dream. So we begin to get a little prickling in our mental thumbs: Good Lord, we say, is this whole scenery laid in some inner and sleepier region of the mind itself? Are these characters symbols of different ways of thinking that emerge only momentarily from an ocean of subconsciousness? So already we are alert to detect what kind of tricks is our collaborator playing. Perhaps the unspoiled young mind of Miranda knows at once that this reminiscence of Naples, Milan, usurping brother, &c., is just the old traditional hooey, the standardized plot which our friend used again and again. And so Miranda is again asleep when a

(*Continued on page* 17)

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The Breaking of Men

FLOTSAM. By Erich Maria Remarque. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1941. 436 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

THE jacket informs us that "a serial version of 'Flotsam' appeared in *Collier's* in 1939," that "the author devoted another year of his life to rewriting and revising it before he was ready to have it appear in book form," and that "the title of the motion picture based on 'Flotsam' is 'So Ends Our Night'." A reviewer who has not read the magazine story, nor seen what Hollywood has made of it, is in the perhaps fortunate position of being able to approach the novel without prejudices.

Remarque's subject is profoundly important and alive with tragedy: the fate of the exiles, the refugees, the many thousands who have been made homeless in recent years because of race or political sentiments. It is from Hitler's Germany that most of these unfortunates have been uprooted, and it is with Hitler's victims that "Flotsam" is chiefly concerned. In the foreground of the story stand the figures of Kern, Steiner, and Ruth Holland. Kern, barely twenty, half-Jewish, has been deprived of citizenship along with his father, politically denounced by a grasping business rival. Steiner, an "Aryan," having escaped from the concentration camp to which he was sent because of anti-Nazi activity, has been forced to leave his adored wife behind in Germany, with a plea that she will divorce him. Ruth is in flight as the result of a love affair that ended when she, a Jewess, was denounced as a defiler of the well of racial purity.

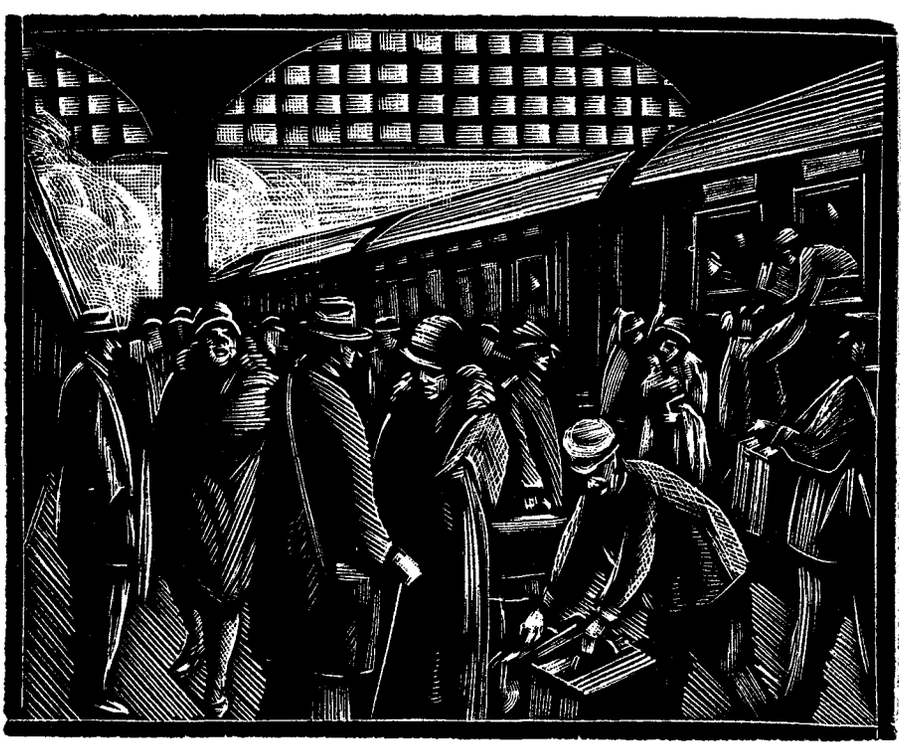
It is always in the company of one or more members of this trio that the reader follows the exile's road, crossing and criss-crossing borders, doubling back and forth, desperately, doggedly, through Austria, Czechoslovakia, Switzerland, and France. But the reader is companioned, too, as are Kern and Ruth and Steiner, by exiles of every type and political complexion —Russian, Polish, Italian, Spanish, German—living somehow with all the odds against their living, without identification papers or the right to work, hunted by the police, thrust by night from one country into a neighboring country, only to come stealing back again through woods and rivers by the very paths along which they have been driven forth. Here is a new fraternity of outlawed men and women that is terrible to contemplate. And most terrible, perhaps, are the occasional examples of treachery and betrayal within the fraternity itself. But these are rare exceptions, one hopes, to the rule of brotherhood.

Remarque has fully depicted or briefly illuminated almost every aspect of the exile's life, with the very different responses of very different characters to a common fate. He has painted an animated, changing gallery of haunting portraits. The episodes that he has selected for the elaboration of his theme range from the horrible, through the monotonous, to the ludicrous; and he makes every one of them, of whatever kind, effective. He has been content to let his story speak for itself—or, rather, his many stories: there is no personal intrusion of an author moved to fury by his outrageous subject. Fury is there, but it burns beneath the surface. Shall we say, as a novelist's fuel?

That Remarque is a skillful and powerful writer has been demonstrated often, and in "Flotsam" it is demonstrated again. Yet one reviewer cannot escape the conclusion that the parts of "Flotsam," or some of them, are greater than the whole. The entire novel is less affecting than, for example, the single scene in which Steiner bids farewell to his wife after his escape from the concentration camp—yet the scene requires only four pages. The reason is that the novel does not build, does not gather power as it goes forward. It moves without rising. Each episode is effective, but the effectiveness is not cumulative. Remarque has, I think, created a fictional pattern that exhibits more artifice than art, and owes much to cinematic technique. Time and again he lights the path of Kern and Ruth with hope only to thrust them back, time and again, into the darkness. Repetition, approaching monotony, dulls the reader's sensitivity, diminishes the intensity of his response on successive occasions. There can be no quarrel with the happy ending that is finally provided for the young couple, for life itself often provides happy endings. And Steiner's end is as fine and moving as it is inevitable. But one may suggest that the love story which figures so largely in "Flotsam" would have been more convincing and more stirring if all fleshly elements had not been so zealously excluded from its telling. I admit to having had a sensation of bafflement, feeling that the Kern-Ruth story was being only half told.

However, all this adds up only to the judgment that "Flotsam," as a whole, is not as great as its theme; and when one considers the greatness of the theme one need not wonder at any novelist's failing to realize its possibilities fully. Remarque's comparative success compels admiration.

Denver Lindley's translation is excellent, so far as one who does not know the German original can judge.



From "A Wanderer in Woodcuts," by H. Glintenkamp.

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Individual Nominations of the Nation's Book Reviewers

(Asterisks denote ineligible titles)

Name	*Fiction Vote*	*Biography Vote*	*History Vote*	*Poetry Vote*
BERTRAND K. HART, *Providence Journal (R. I.)*	Sapphira and the Slave Girl	The Bridge	New England: Indian Summer	The White Cliffs
OLGA OWENS, *Boston Evening Transcript*	Oliver Wiswell	Audubon's America	New England: Indian Summer	No vote
EDWARD A. WEEKS, JR., *Atlantic Monthly*	For Whom the Bell Tolls	As I Remember Him	No vote	No vote
JAMES C. GREY, *N. Y. Sun*	Oliver Wiswell	John D. Rockefeller	New England: Indian Summer	And in the Human Heart
CHARLES A. WAGNER, *N. Y. Mirror*	You Can't Go Home Again	George Washington (Stephenson & Dunn)	New England: Indian Summer	Collected Poems, Edw. Davison
CHARLES POORE, *N. Y. Times*	For Whom the Bell Tolls	No vote	New England: Indian Summer	No vote
JOHN SELBY, *Associated Press*	The Silent Drum	John D. Rockefeller	Dictionary of American History	No vote
MICHAEL MARCH, *Brooklyn Citizen*	For Whom the Bell Tolls	Audubon's America	No vote	No vote
MAX J. HERZBERG, *Newark Evening News*	For Whom the Bell Tolls	As I Remember Him	New England: Indian Summer	The White Cliffs
ROBERT BARLOW, *Paul Block Papers*	Native Son	A Man Named Grant	The Triumph of American Capitalism	No vote
MARK D. WATSON, *Baltimore Sun*	For Whom the Bell Tolls	I Rode with Stonewall	New England: Indian Summer	No vote
"CALVERT CARROLL," *Baltimore News-Post*	For Whom the Bell Tolls	Hugh Young: Autobiography	Life and Writings of Abraham Lincoln	The Face Is Familiar
JOSEPH M. LALLEY, *Washington (D. C.) Post*	Sapphira and the Slave Girl	Shelley*	New England: Indian Summer	No vote
ARCHIBALD B. SHEPPERSON, *Virginia Quarterly Review*	For Whom the Bell Tolls	As I Remember Him	New England: Indian Summer	Death at Sea
BEVERLEY L. BRITTON, *Richmond Times-Dispatch*	For Whom the Bell Tolls	A Victorian Rebel	The American Presidency*	Song in the Meadow
JAY LEWIS, *Norfolk Ledger Dispatch*	Oliver Wiswell	Ambassador Dodd's Diary	The American Primer*	No vote
JOSEPH F. MARRON, *Florida Times-Union*	Foundation Stone	Country Editor	No vote	Make Bright the Arrows
ANGUS PERKERSON, *Atlanta Journal*	For Whom the Bell Tolls	As I Remember Him	I Rode with Stonewall	Pattern of a Day
NAOMI BENDER, *Beacon Journal (Akron, O.); Miami Herald (Fla.)*	For Whom the Bell Tolls	No vote	No vote	No vote
ALBERT GOLDSTEIN, *New Orleans Times-Picayune*	For Whom the Bell Tolls	Happy Days	No vote	No vote
JOHN H. McGINNIS, *Dallas Morning News*	For Whom the Bell Tolls	If You Don't Weaken	New England: Indian Summer	No vote
L. B. BARBOUR, *Dallas Times-Herald*	Foundation Stone	As I Remember Him	No vote	The White Cliffs
MARY S. DOUGLAS, *Nashville Banner*	For Whom the Bell Tolls	As I Remember Him	AP: The Story of News	No vote
ROSAMOND MILNER, *Louisville Courier-Journal*	You Can't Go Home Again	John D. Rockefeller	New England: Indian Summer	Collected Poems, Kenneth Fearing
W. M. REDDIG, *Kansas City Star*	For Whom the Bell Tolls	As I Remember Him	The President Makers	Collected Poems, Jean Starr Untermeyer
ELIZABETH CLARKSON ZWART, *Des Moines Register*	For Whom the Bell Tolls	As I Remember Him	New England: Indian Summer	No vote
GILBERT E. GOVAN, *Chattanooga Times*	You Can't Go Home Again	As I Remember Him	The Course of American Democratic Thought	A Winter Tide
KENNETH C. KAUFMAN, *Daily Oklahoman*	Oliver Wiswell	A Man Named Grant	The Delaware	Collected Poems, Kenneth Fearing
HELEN BOWER, *Detroit Free Press*	For Whom the Bell Tolls	No vote	No vote	And in the Human Heart
DAVID H. APPEL, *Cleveland News*	The Trees	George Washington	Audubon's America	Death at Sea
RICHARD PETERS, *Cleveland Press*	Oliver Wiswell	John D. Rockefeller	The President Makers	Arrow at the Heel
TED ROBINSON, *Cleveland Plain Dealer*	For Whom the Bell Tolls	No vote	New England: Indian Summer	No vote
STERLING NORTH, *Chicago Daily News*	For Whom the Bell Tolls	Trelawny*	John D. Rockefeller	The Face Is Familiar
FANNY BUTCHER, *Chicago Tribune*	You Can't Go Home Again	Shelley*	New England: Indian Summer	With Wings As Eagles
HAROLD D. CAREW, *Pasadena Star-News*	For Whom the Bell Tolls	Mr. Pitt and America's Birthright	The First Gentlemen of Virginia	A Winter Tide
MARY THOMAS MILLER, *San Francisco Argonaut*	Oliver Wiswell	Life and Writings of Abraham Lincoln	New England: Indian Summer	Collected Poems, Robinson Jeffers*
JOHN MORELAND, *Oakland (Cal.) Tribune*	For Whom the Bell Tolls	Trelawny*	Washington and the Revolution	No vote
PAUL JORDAN SMITH, *Los Angeles Times*	Oh Promised Land	Forty Years a Country Preacher	Dictionary of American History	And in the Human Heart
ALICIA PATTERSON, *New York Daily News*	For Whom the Bell Tolls	Happy Days	New England: Indian Summer	No vote

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The Nation's Book Reviewers Nominate Their Pulitzer Prize Favorites

THIS is the fourth year *The Saturday Review* has asked the book reviewers of the nation's press to state their nominations for the annual Pulitzer Prize awards. In no year has there been such a wide margin of disagreement as in the present poll. Thirty-nine reviewers participate in the selections, but in only one classification—fiction—are they able to muster a bare majority in support of a particular title. In the categories of biography, history, and poetry, the leading titles fall short of anything resembling an overwhelming vote.

The outstanding book on the list, from the standpoint of vote totals, is Ernest Hemingway's "For Whom the Bell Tolls." Kenneth Roberts's "Oliver Wiswell" is runner-up, but the voting behind the leader is somewhat scattered. The only other title, in addition to "For Whom the Bell Tolls," to receive a clear margin of preference is Van Wyck Brooks's "New England: Indian Summer," in the history category. If the critics are right, and if their preference is duplicated by the Pulitzer Committee, this will mean Mr. Brooks's second award for his literature series. Similarly, it might mean the third time in three years that a work dealing with a literary or semi-literary subject would receive the history award. Mr. Brooks won the award in 1937 for the "Flowering of New England," while Frank Luther Mott won the award in 1939 for "The History of American Magazines."

Biography had a lean year in 1940. This is reflected not only in the sales figures for the year, but in the selections by the critics. In no other category were the votes so widely diffused over so large a number of titles. No fewer than seventeen titles figured in the balloting for this grouping. It may be too early to determine whether the biographical depression is the result of the exhaustion of front-line American figures as subjects, or whether the caesura is purely accidental or even incidental, but judging from the balloting of the critics, the Pulitzer Committee may find it difficult to make a clear-cut choice in this field. As it stands on the reviewers' list, an autobiography—"As I Remember Him," by Hans Zinsser—leads the list, with Allan Nevins's "John D. Rockefeller" in second place.

Perhaps nothing reflects the general uncertainty in this year's list as much as the number of ineligible books nominated for the award. In biography, the Pulitzer Committee excludes works on George Washington and Abraham Lincoln from consideration as "too obvious" examples of patriotic and unselfish services to the American people, which is the basis for the award in this classification. Similarly, only American figures are eligible; yet several titles nominated by the reviewers went outside this requirement.

In poetry, no title managed to obtain more than three votes. Even so, only two books are tied for first place, with Conrad Aiken's "And in the Human Heart," and Alice Duer Miller's "The White Cliffs" as the favorites.

The Saturday Review conducts these polls each year not so much in an effort to anticipate the selections of the Pulitzer Committees, as to obtain a representative cross-section of critical opinion as to the worthy books in each of the four classifications. Thus far, the selections of the critics have corresponded fairly closely with those of the Pulitzer Committees. Last year, three of four titles heading the reviewers' lists were chosen by the Committee — John Steinbeck's "The Grapes of Wrath," Carl Sandburg's "Abraham Lincoln," and Mark Van Doren's "Collected Poems." While the reviewers nominated Sandburg for the biography — despite the ineligibility clause standing in its way—the Committee selected it for the history award.

A summary of the tabulations follows. On the page opposite appear the choices of the individual reviewers.

FICTION

TITLE, AUTHOR, AND PUBLISHER	NO. OF VOTES
FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS by Ernest Hemingway *(Scribners)*	21
OLIVER WISWELL by Kenneth Roberts *(Doubleday, Doran)*	6
YOU CAN'T GO HOME AGAIN by Thomas Wolfe *(Harpers)*	4
SAPPHIRA AND THE SLAVE GIRL by Willa Cather *(Knopf)*	2
FOUNDATION STONE by Leila Warren *(Knopf)*	2
NATIVE SON by Richard Wright *(Harpers)*	1
THE SILENT DRUM by Neil Swanson *(Farrar & Rinehart)*	1
OH PROMISED LAND by James Street *(Dial)*	1
THE TREES by Conrad Richter *(Knopf)*	1

BIOGRAPHY

TITLE, AUTHOR, AND PUBLISHER	NO. OF VOTES
AS I REMEMBER HIM by Hans Zinsser *(Little, Brown)*	9
JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER by Allan Nevins *(Scribners)*	4
AUDUBON'S AMERICA by Donald Culross Peattie *(Houghton Mifflin)*	2
A MAN NAMED GRANT by Helen Todd *(Houghton Mifflin)*	2
GEORGE WASHINGTON by Nathaniel Stephenson and Waldo Dunn *(Oxford)*	2
TRELAWNY by Margaret Armstrong *(Macmillan)*	2
SHELLEY by Newman Ivey White *(Knopf)*	2
HAPPY DAYS by H. L. Mencken *(Knopf)*	2
AMBASSADOR DODD'S DIARY ed. by William E. Dodd, Jr. and Martha Dodd *(Harcourt, Brace)*	1
THE BRIDGE by Ernest Poole *(Macmillan)*	1
A SURGEON'S AUTOBIOGRAHPY by Hugh Young *(Harcourt, Brace)*	1
A VICTORIAN REBEL by Lloyd Eshleman *(Scribners)*	1
THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN ed. by Philip Van Doren Stern *(Random House)*	1
I RODE WITH STONEWALL by Henry Kyd Douglas *(Univ. of N. C.)*	1
MR. PITT AND AMERICA'S BIRTHRIGHT by J. C. Long *(Stokes)*	1
IF YOU DON'T WEAKEN by Oscar Ameringer *(Holt)*	1
FORTY YEARS A COUNTRY PREACHER by George B. Gilbert *(Harpers)*	1
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Eight American Novelists

AMERICAN FICTION, 1920-1940. By Joseph Warren Beach. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1941. 371 *pp., with index.* $2.50.

Reviewed by HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

MR. BEACH'S latest volume is an amiable exercise in academic criticism. I use the words "amiable" and "academic" without patronage but as expressing both a certain strength and a certain limitation. I call his book amiable because it is a friendly explication of the purpose and artistic methods of eight American novelists, the explication being primarily directed at a reader of conventional tastes likely to be shocked or irritated by the subject-matter and the methods of Messrs. Dos Passos, Hemingway, Faulkner, Wolfe, Caldwell, Farrell, Marquand, and Steinbeck. That such readers exist by the legion is an obvious fact; these readers Mr. Beach seeks to convert to a greater apprehension of what the eight are driving at. And I call his book academic because the manner is often the classroom manner. Things are made clear after the fashion of a good college lecture. Labels are applied, tendencies indicated, and the reader of the volume puts it down with a considerable sense of satisfaction because he feels that the curve of contemporary fiction has been clearly plotted for him.

To be sure, both amiability and academicism have their weaknesses. For example, it is an unfortunate instance of the classroom manner to have Mr. Beach interpolate on page 5: "I go to the movies a good deal myself and have no apologies to make for that way of passing an evening. It is a form of relaxation as salutary for the tired scholar as for the tired businessman. Besides, the movies offer certain artistic features not present in the trashy novel." There is a whole paragraph in the style of Mr. William Lyon Phelps, and though it may endear Mr. Beach to a certain order of readers, it can only damn him among another order of readers, for whom the critical problem of the esthetics of fiction is paramount and Mr. Beach's affability about Hollywood is a mere annoyance. And Mr. Beach's amiability is such that, though he skillfully ranks the novels of his various authors into classes and kinds of perfection or imperfection, no writer is seriously condemned. Even Mr. Marquand's Mr. Moto books, which are potboilers, receive an approving nod.

This tone of condescension is fortunately not characteristic of Mr. Beach's general critical style, but it appears often enough to vitiate his criticism at unexpected moments. For example, he writes, it seems to me, very well, when he says of these eight novelists that "in the long run they impress one as deeply and humanly concerned that men should attain to the spiritual dignity of which they are potentially capable, and that the social forms which embody and determine relations among men should better reflect the ideals of democratic justice to which in this country we all pay at least lip service."

I say Mr. Beach writes very well, but I must immediately modify this statement. He writes well when, seeing beneath the surface of Caldwell and Faulkner and the rest, he perceives that they are deeply and humanly concerned about the spiritual dignity of man. But he does not write well in the last part of the sentence —the part about the ideals of democratic justice—because at this point Mr. Beach turns away from his critical problems to humor the taste of his audience. And the weakness of academic criticism seem to me to lie just here; namely, that the academic critic, however acute his insight, cannot forget that he has an audience. He is not satisfied to point out good work. He does not see the work of art in itself as it truly is, he sees the work of art as something demanding pedagogical explication. But pedagogical explication implies that the explication is being conducted for the benefit of the less well informed. Under these circumstances literary criticism is not itself a work of art, it is a form of teaching.

Mr. Beach assuredly teaches. He teaches wisely and well, barring a few unfortunate lapses. Nobody who reads his book but must rise up from it edified, in the old-fashioned sense of the word. His criticism strengthens and improves. It profits us spiritually and mentally. It ought to increase the reading public for the eight authors Mr. Beach has chosen to talk about. He makes us aware of technical devices, of over-layers of meaning, of special moral and social significances in fiction which most of us read, as we say, for the story. I admire the job. But I venture to add the blasphemy that he does not greatly advance the art of criticism or enrich the art of the novel.

What I am trying to do is not to find fault with Mr. Beach but to define him and to define a whole manner of writing about the art of literature. It is a manner which is often misunderstood and depreciated, especially by a certain type of writer, who describes it as "academic" in the sense of inept. But this is not true. Mr. Beach is not inept, academic criticism in not inept, the business of pedagogical explication, rightly done, is not inept, it is simply a necessary job of teaching. I do not say that without it the literary audience would not exist, but I do say that because of it the literary audience is widened. Its function is the function of college English departments and of adult education. But there is no use pretending, it seems to me, that literary explication of this sort is the same thing as literary criticism is rightly considered.

Mr. Beach has gone forth on a crusade. He wants eight novelists of disillusion better known. He understands that the violences which they commit offend many readers, and he therefore wishes to palliate or explain away their brutalities. But if Mr. Beach had included Ellen Glasgow in his list? If Mr. Beach had said something about Willa Cather? If Mr. Beach had remarked the strength and the weakness of Robert Nathan? Mr. Beach was under no obligation to do so—in fact, makes a charming apology for his choices, but my point is not that I wish to force Mr. Beach into a corner or to demand of him that he write not this book but some other one, my point is that his choices are those of a man who wants to explain something imperfectly understood, not the choices of a man whose primary concern is for the craft of fiction, the art of the novel, or the esthetic problem which confronts the literary workman.

His criticism is therefore criticism of the second class, not criticism of the first class—criticism which, in a perfectly decent sense of the word, is derivative rather than primary. And because much of what is written about contemporary literature is of the same persuasion—hortatory, explicatory, edifying (even when it pretends not to edify)—American criticism, wonderfully as it has developed in the twentieth century, has a long way to go before it achieves a true independence.

Howard Mumford Jones is Professor of English at Harvard University.

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The Astor Family And Their Era

THE ASTORS. By Harvey O'Connor. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1941. 488 *pp., with index.* $3.75.

Reviewed by DENIS TILDEN LYNCH

Vincent Astor chats with his mother, Lady Ribblesdale.

THIS is a history of the Astor family from 1784, when John Jacob Astor, son of a German butcher, settled here, down to the contemporary doings of the so-called Cliveden Set. It is not a pleasant history. But that is the fault of the Astors.

How William Waldorf Astor bought a peerage after two unsuccessful attempts to buy a seat in our own House of Representatives is almost as notorious as the criminal neglect of the Astor slums. But few of this generation know of his studied affronts to the land which gave him birth and a fortune so large that he could humor his most extravagant fancies. He presented to the Royal United Service Museum the battle flag of the U. S. frigate *Chesapeake.* This standard waved over the dying Lawrence as he gave his last command: "Don't give up the ship!" In the *Pall Mall Gazette,* which Astor also acquired with gold from his noisome tenements and other New York City properties, he wrote: "I never wished to live at Brookdale where Hawthorne went to learn that wealth is nothing, nor should I have been content at Walden with the contemplation of nature and a daily plate of Thoreau's bean soup." He also bought with American gold a family tree which transformed his humble German ancestor into a scion of a noble Spanish house, a transformation accomplished by inventing an imaginary person and juggling a date by thirty years. Anything they coveted, if for sale, was theirs. One of milord's sons outdid his father's journalistic ventures by buying *The Times,* the Thunderer itself. Little that is unworthy, bizarre, or scandalous in the careers of the Astors and their kin, is missed or muted.

The work represents considerable research; but a little more would have made impossible such passages as: "It was said that a triumvirate really ran the city: (William B.) Astor, Alexander T. Stewart, and Cornelius Vanderbilt . . . Astor and Stewart had one interest in common: the protection and advancement of Broadway. New York was preëminently the city of one street." These three never ruled the metropolis; and New York as a one-street city is as romantic as the fleeting references to the big day's loot of the Tweed Ring, the manner of the Ring's exposure, and the characterization of Fernando Wood, a proven swindler with an unclean tongue, as "brilliant and cultured." The filth of this groggery graduate, in affidavit form, is available at any large library. Someone gulled Mr. O'Connor into believing that "the only authentic voice of the slums was heard in the Socialist papers," and that "it was left to a young Danish reporter (Jacob Riis) . . . to see the slums as they are and mix compassion and indignation in his description." Nearly two decades before Riis saw an American slum, Horace Greeley started the fight against these breeders of crime and disease, and other journals—socialist papers were then unknown—followed the *Tribune's* lead. And far abler writers than Riis recorded the horrors of the slums before and after his arrival here. John Jay, a firm believer in the Republic, is set down as a leader of "the Federal aristocrats."

These lapses do not impair the indictment of the owners of the Astor slums for avariciousness and brutality. Vincent Astor, the "most prepossessing of all the American Astors" to Mr. O'Connor, is not named in any of the counts. But the presentment occasionally suffers for want of unity, notably in its treatment of William Waldorf Astor.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

CHINESE IN LITERATURE

Chinese characters are not often portrayed in occidental literature, but when they are they are generally admirable and unforgettable. Briefly described here are ten outstanding Chinese whom you must have met before. Do you remember them? Allowing 5 points for each one whose name you recall, and another 5 for the story in which he appears, a score of 60 is par, 70 is good, and 75 or better is excellent. The answers are on page 18.

1. A member of the Honolulu police force, this brilliant Chinese detective was ever ready with an apt and scholarly quotation.
2. An accident led this lubberly boy to discover the art of roasting pig.
3. On a plot of ground measuring ten miles in area, this Chinese emperor had a stately palace built which had running water and natural refrigeration.
4. With a smile that was child-like and bland, this heathen Chinee proceeded to trim a couple of card sharps at their own game.
5. Gold extorted from a frightened refugee and precious stones stolen by his wife were the foundation of this land-hungry farmer's fortune.
6. By means of a magic lamp he built a palace with 24 windows, all but one being set in frames made of precious stones, and his father-in-law, a sultan, exhausted his treasury trying to finish the last window.
7. This Manchu princess, who played beautifully on the harpsichord, looked 18 although she was really 64 years old.
8. When a drunken and brutal prize-fighter had driven his 12-year-old daughter to live in a Limehouse bagnio, she was rescued and cherished by this friendless Chinese sailor.
9. When Gerrit Ammidon sailed home to Salem, he brought with him this high-born Chinese wife whom he had married to save her from death.
10. A young Venetian missionary converted this charming little daughter of Kubla Khan to Christianity and finally married her.

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CULTURAL SOLIDARITY

THERE is a good deal of nonsense written and spoken about culture and cultures. You might suppose that the only reason for the recent novel prize contest conducted jointly by Farrar and Rinehart and *Redbook Magazine* is the opportunity offered by the publication of fine Latin-American novels to learn more about the vital and interesting peoples to the South. But culture means more than the satisfaction of curiosity. The influx of Latin-American books into American English, and the reciprocal movement of our books southward, has a much greater importance than this. Culture is more unitary than it is diverse. It is the age-long struggle of the few, wherever they may be, against the far older forces that bind the mind and dull the spirit of the individual, and make societies anti-social in everything but the mechanisms of tyranny and toil. Find a creative writer, not the prostitute of dogmatisms, whether in China or Chile or Chicago and you will find an imagination more like than unlike the imagination of his fellow creative writers everywhere. This is why freedom of speech, so hard won, has been regarded as precious, by minorities at least, in every nation. For without reasonable freedom of speech, it becomes impossible for the like-minded in the essentials of fine living to know that they *are* like-minded, and so keep up what will always be an endless fight against blind force, against perverted egoism, against wilful distrust and hatred of normal human nature seeking life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

When the barriers of geography and language are broken down, as through the Latin-American novel contest, the humanities of the Western Hemisphere also are enriched, and concern with what man must have in order to stay human becomes, to put it in the lowest terms, a little more intelligent.

H. S. C.

Home Is Where

By Louis Hasley

LIGHTS that have been on all day in offices
begin to vanish, one by one. The bitter January
has been forgotten since morning, with lunch in
the house cafeteria.
The last typist scatters a few tat-a-tat-tats on the
inert air
closes her desk, rushes to catch her girlfriend in
the washroom.
All over the city, men rise from their chairs, button
their coats, and say:
"That other matter, Miss Brown, will have to wait till
tomorrow."
At 5:05 stepping into the elevator goodbye to all that. . . .
With tired shoulders they go forth to live
heart singing, body crying rest

"Take a Heated Cab to Any Part of the City."

Air lays quietly a cold compress along the soft flesh
("Must get the baby's medicine, the snapshots, the groceries")
and fingers tingle quickly in thin gloves.
"Huxtra! Huxtra! Thirty below zero predicted tonight!
Paiper, Mister?"
"Here, boy. Predicted for where?"
"North Pole. Paiper! Huxtra paiper!"
Home will be
warm, with soft lights, not the red jumping
of the jitterbug neon. Home will be quiet with music
not the hectoring concertos of typewriter and telephone
the hornbark of scolding motor-cars.
Home is where we live
(is where we escape living)
is where we die (and cannot escape dying) . . .
is the building-block of the state
the nerve ganglion of the church
the last repository of Promethean fire.
Home is where the day ends where we pay rent to wait for eternity
where we go when we die where we are forever going.

The bus with steamed windows (standing room only) hurtles
along the causeway
nosing familiarly to friendly curbs.
At 5:40 this man of all the city enters
warmth light tranquillity, sets the groceries on the
kitchen table.
"The baby?"
"Sleeping and better. The snapshots?"
"One spoiled."
"The others?"
"Perfect."
"Just a glimpse—
then supper in a jiffy. . . . "

He took the welcome of a low chair and soft light
(home is the evening paper)
then read his daily letter from the world
to which he never wrote.
Something of business ennui,
something of supper odors disturbed the vision, for he
could not see
beneath the seeming candor of the words
the teeming blueprint of the world's tomorrow.

His wife was not surprised when, calling supper,
she got no answer. For often she found him sleeping
as tonight, the comics still unread,
the paper fallen to his knees.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Case of the Bowtied Poet's Photograph

SIR:—I was brought up to believe that good little boys don't reply to reviewers, and that to do so is very bad manners indeed—but let us for a change *have* bad manners, and some fun into the bargain. Besides, the *Saturday Review of Literature* is, I think, guilty of misrepresentation of the facts, in this instance—both by *suppressio veri* and *suggestio falsi;* and surely that cannot be allowed to pass unchallenged.

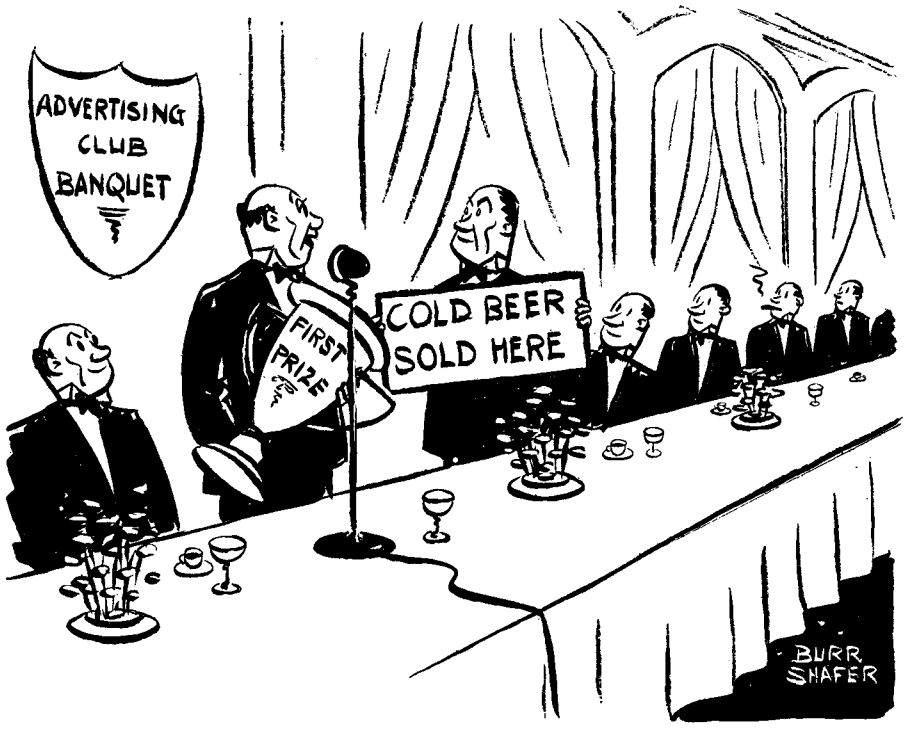
Mr. Dudley Fitts is of course only exercising his rights when he decides [*SRL,* April 12], after many readings, that he dislikes my sonnets intensely: and only doing his duty, by the author and the public, when he says so. That is understood. And yet, it seems to me, when so violent a statement of dislike is made, it might be only sporting to produce the evidence. Mr. Fitts's general position about "And in the Human Heart" can be said to reduce itself to this—these sonnets are too good to be true. Just that. They are technically and melodically skilful, with a wonderful sweetness of line, etc., etc., but for all that they are pastiche, and they are sterile. These are dangerous words—very. Pastiche, as nearly as one can define it, means the conscious or unconscious adaptation and —or—modification of a convention. Granted at once that my sonnets are precisely that—they are a deliberate re-working of a familiar form and mode. And I am sure that Mr. Fitts would agree with me that the problem of taste, in such adaptations, is amongst the subtlest in the whole range of esthetics. How easy for the poet to fall into bathos, or vulgarity, or sentimentality, in his search for the right meaning—how easy for him, too, to be merely vapid! But—and this is where I invite Mr. Fitts to come in—how even easier for the critic, should he be in the least unsure of himself, to mistake his own sentimentality or vulgarity for the poet's. Such a critic dare not be simple—he rightly fears it, for it is a terribly treacherous field for taste; and he is just as afraid of the all-out "poetic," for this is more treacherous still. The more boldly poetic the poet dares to be, the finer must be his instinct and taste—and also, the finer must be the critic's. Mr. Fitts, I suggest, is mortally afraid of the poetic.

And now for the real and grievous point of this letter—the *Saturday Review's* really shameless use of *suggestio falsi.* For, as if Mr. Fitts's destructive words were not enough, the editors append thereto a portrait which they label Conrad Aiken, and which, I say without hesitation, is *not* Conrad Aiken. I do not know who it is, and I fear to give offense—perhaps it is Mr. Fitts? But whoever it is, it is not myself; it is somebody much handsomer and grimmer; but with the appalling taste—(to introduce esthetics again)—to wear a striped bow tie. This poet wouldn't be found dead in one, he *never* wears a bow tie; and if he did, it wouldn't be striped.

CONRAD AIKEN.

Brewster, Mass.

[Editor's Note: We apologize for the mistake in the undercaption which identified Horace Gregory (whose poems were also discussed in the same section) as Conrad Aiken.]



"The entire advertising world bows to a perfect example of poetic efficiency."

"The Cry for Order"

SIR:—I hail the recent article by Jacques Barzun [*SRL,* April 12] as the most precise criterion extant by which to measure my own reactions and the validity of the remarks of my friends toward our involvement in world affairs.

I intend to present this article to those whom I hear sigh "This is the worst mess the world has ever been in,"—these remarks continuing even through the Easter season with all its implications of the antiquity of our misconception of love, justice, and kindness.

Mr. Barzun has performed a personal favor for me with his compact analysis of the individual problem at hand, now and forever, and it embodies as much hope as each individual will bring to the surface of his heart and conscience and put to work.

VIOLA WINTERBURN.

Bellingham,
Washington.

Information, Please

SIR:—I would like additional material to complete an investigation into the translations of Nathaniel Greene, 1797-1877, editor of the *American Statesman* (later the *Boston Statesman*), and for several years between 1829 and 1849 postmaster at Boston. His direct descendants were William Batchelder Greene, grandson, born at Brookfield, Mass., in 1851 and great-grandson, Bertram William Greene, born in 1899; nephew, Charles Greene Cumston, surgeon in Boston.

I am interested in letters or family recollections pertaining to Nathaniel Greene's work as a translator from the French and German.

MYRA RICHARDS JESSON.

Bryn Mawr College
Bryn Mawr, Pa.

SIR:—I am writing a biography of Thurlow Weed and have access to the Weed Papers, by far the greatest single collection of pertinent material. I shall be very grateful, however, for information regarding additional letters, or photographs, journals, or other materials that might be of value for this work. If such materials are sent to me, they will be very carefully preserved and returned after use, if such is the request. Where it is impossible to send materials, I shall be glad to have them photostated at my expense.

GLYNDON G. VAN DEUSEN.

Dept. of History
University of Rochester
Rochester, N. Y.

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Lundberg . . .

RIVER RAT. By Daniel Lundberg. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1941. 281 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by RICHARD A. CORDELL

BOTH the title and subtitle of this novel (which is possibly somewhat autobiographical) are misleading. "River Rat" is a harsh sobriquet for these boys and girls of suburban Boston who tend and sail their boats on the well-behaved Charles River; certainly the term would have a tougher connotation in Toledo, Terre Haute, or Memphis. The subtitle, "An Extravaganza," is equally deceiving, for much of the charm of the story and of its strenuous young hero lies in the absence of extravagant and fanciful qualities. "River Rat" entertains not by astonishing the reader but by affording him the pleasure of recognition—Ralph is Everyboy in the limbo of uncertainty between boyhood and early-manhood, now tortured by misgiving and doubt, now ecstatic in self-confidence and day-dreams. In this amusing chronicle of Ralph Blood's eighteenth year Father discovers that Life with Son has its problems, too.

Ralph makes his last gesture of revolt before Tufts College, New England notions of respectability, and the social and economic pressures of adulthood claim him forever. It is not a big revolt, but it demands some daring and cunning, and is perhaps the best Thoreau's state can afford after a century of softening. Ralph and his contemporaries find their parents tiresome and boring but never suspect their own puerility and dullness.

Ralph is by no means incredibly dull, but he is naive; even his armchair acquaintance with Freud and Joyce has given no brittleness to his sophistication, which is delightfully ingenuous.

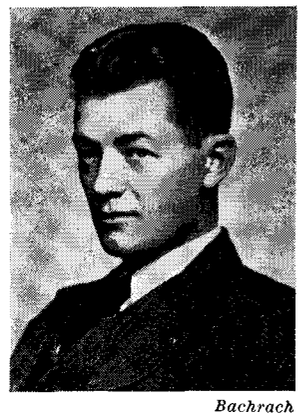
Although not brilliantly written, "River Rat" has charm and freshness, and there are a few scenes of excellent humor—when Ralph is loose among the Stuffed-shirts-and-view-with-alarms of Suburbia. Even the boy-and-girl adventures are not too tiresome, and the dialogue is consistently good. For all their petty fibbing and fickleness these boys and girls are no worse than Willie Baxter and his friends of nearly a generation ago. The youngsters of 1940 are franker in their speech (their solemn sex-talk with slight regard for euphemism will make the Tarkingtonians wince), but no reader will lay the novel aside worrying about things to come when such as Ralph, Danny, and Dutchy take over.

Street . . .

IN MY FATHER'S HOUSE. By James Street. New York: Dial Press. 1941. 348 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by JOHN TEMPLE GRAVES

IN spite of the oily title and a suspicious odor of sweetness and light and character play in introductory remarks by author and publisher, this story is a joy forever. To say that it has to do with a farm family in present-day Mississippi, living in comparative poverty and a certain ignorance, is to over-identify it. It belongs in the category of products too close to the whole of human nature for a regional or class stamp. The better identification of Mr. Street's Abernathy family is with those men and women everywhere and always who take a character and a wisdom from their closeness to the earth and their remoteness from gadgets and sophistications of mass life. These are strong people, and very sweet ones, and even though their love for one another and their stern loyalties betray them in the end you have a sense in that end of something like Finland going down or the Greeks finding a worth-while in their never-flinching against odds. You have a sense, too, of eternal agriculture, of service to land of infinite variety in what the land gives in spiritual and physical return.



Bachrach

Wallace Stegner

The Abernathys didn't want particularly to get ahead in this world. But with all their wills and wits they wanted to keep up. They were happy, and loved each other and their out-of-doors. They wanted to preserve against all decay the things they knew were dear to them and of use. The cyprus planking in their well "was cut and put there by my Grandpa Abernathy and it's just as good as new because Papa took care of it." And "Papa" was a man who just had to be free. "I ain't scared of death, but I sure hate to think of being locked up in a box 'til Judgment Day." It was because he couldn't stand being locked away from his folks that the penitentiary guards had to kill him. He was as fine a man as his young son, who tells the story, thought him. Not as a poor farmer, or as a Southerner, but as an American. If enough of his ilk had survived to these times the democracies wouldn't have to be uncertain about their fate against the man with the little black moustache.

Stegner . . .

FIRE AND ICE. By Wallace Stegner. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1941. 214 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by RAY B. WEST, JR.

WALLACE STEGNER, in this book as well as in his three earlier published works, has chosen what is probably the most difficult of all novel forms: the short novel. That is to say, he has written in the tightly compact manner of the modern short story, and in so doing has shown himself to be one of the most expert craftsmen in contemporary American writing.

"Fire and Ice" is the story of Paul Condon, a poor student, struggling at an assortment of odd jobs to put himself through the university, attempting to provide an outlet for his pent-up envy of more fortunate students by aligning himself with the communist youth organization on the campus. Confronted by Miriam Halley, a symbol of pampered beauty, a wealthy coed with an interest in social welfare, his anger turns to desire. He attacks her, is jailed, but released when no one appears to testify against him. His sudden hatred has exposed itself, as he comes to realize, in a desire to possess capitalism, not to destroy it.

There is also a thread of love story running through the book. Paul shares his discovery with Zoe, a lukewarm comrade, for whom the party line has come to mean less than has her love for him.

The movement of the story is swift, the reader's interest never flags, and the attack scene is as gripping as anything since Richard Wright's powerful scenes in "Native Son." The character of Paul Condon emerges clearly in the rapid sequence of events, particularly in his relations with very minor characters.

The chief defect of the book seems to me to lie in the swiftness and ease with which the whole problem is resolved. A more complete background and more fully rounded secondary characters would have made it easier to accept. In short, I couldn't help feeling that, despite its excellence, the whole picture deserved a larger canvas.

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Rodman . . .

THE AIRMEN. By Selden Rodman. New York: Random House. 1941. 148 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by SARA HENDERSON HAY

THIS is an ambitious and conscientious piece of work. In a long narrative poem, Mr. Rodman has attempted to translate into verse the essential spirit of aviation, the ideal behind the aspirations and achievements of airmen from Icarus to our own day. His book is divided, excluding a prologue and epilogue, into four sections. The first deals with Icarus lost, the belligerent youth who misunderstood and misused, to his own disaster, the wings that his father Daedalus dedicated to a selfless love of mankind and swore never to use but in the service of Good. The second section leaps twenty centuries to Leonardo, the embittered scientist, who destroys the machine he has built lest men say "He had less love than Pride." The third is the story of the Wright brothers, their long struggle against private difficulties and public ridicule, to the final triumph at Kitty Hawk—the Wright brothers who said of their invention "Its greatest use will be in helping to put an end to war . . . " And the fourth, "Icarus Regained" is concerned with the young Italian patriot Lauro de Bosis, who in a final gesture to express the individual's rebellion against a regimented State, scatters revolutionary pamphlets over Rome, and then heads his plane out to sea, to crash somewhere in the dark water.

It is an heroic theme, man's age-old desire for flight, and a sad one, in that Daedalus's dream for his creation should have been in our time so defeated. This is the underlying motif of the poem, the nobility of the dreams, this concept of the true spirit of the true airman. It is an emotional and romantic rather than an intellectual idea. It is a subject for poetry, and yet I doubt that Mr. Rodman has approached it from the poetic angle. His book excites the mind but not the heart. There is little of that personal warmth and simple human application which many people, even today, look for in poetry. There is much of fact, which in the mere statement is tremendous and moving. But the poem is so condensed, so packed with documentation, historical reference, and allusion that even with an explanatory argument heading each section, and a glossary at the end, it is pretty hard going at times.

And it seems to me that a poem whose comprehensibility depends to any great extent on the aid of explanatory notes approaches dangerously the boundaries of a scientific treatise. The stiff garments of Logic do not become the Muse.

Mr. Rodman employs a variety of metres, mostly a long line, with irregular rhymes. Except for the interspersed lyrics, and the six-line stanza form of the poems at the beginning of each section, there is no distinct rhyme pattern. As a purely technical criticism, I might remark that it takes an exceedingly acute ear to catch

Bachrach

Selden Rodman

John Peale Bishop

and connect rhymes which come unexpectedly and more than five lines apart, and for this reason some of the musical effect of the work is lost. Mr. Rodman is an able craftsman, however, and when he does choose to write in a conventional verse-pattern, the result is very good indeed. See the lovely lyric put into the mouth of Bill Tate, the "plain man" who met the Wright brothers on the sands at Kitty Hawk.

The book as a whole has a sweeping power and intensity. The concept is moving in the extreme, and there are passages and lines which have great poetic dignity and beauty. It is epic in theme, and if, for some readers its treatment makes it fall short of a certain warmth of emotional appeal, that is not to say that it is not a fine and praiseworthy accomplishment.

Bishop . . .

SELECTED POEMS. By John Peale Bishop. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1941. 99 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by DUDLEY FITTS

ONE cannot, within the compass of a brief notice, do justice to these poems. They demand the careful, line-by-line analysis that is Richard Blackmur's method. To generalize about them, as one profitably may about much competent verse, would be almost meaningless; its only possible use might be to call them to the attention of readers of poetry who do not know John Bishop's work.

Nearly all the poems in this book seem to me to be successful, and many of them are as brilliant as anything in contemporary writing. The conspicuous set pieces, like the Desdemona-Othello poem about poetry, wear well; they are as powerful today as they were when one first read one; but it is in the less portentous lyrics that the force is most pure, the meanings most complex. I am thinking of certain landscape poems, unpretentious on the surface, and immediately evocative of Frost; but better than all but the best of Frost because they are straight-to-the-center, untheatrical—almost, one might say, unarranged. (Frost arranges too much, calculates effects, is too consciously Yankee to be philosophical.) Or of such a poem as "This Dim and Ptolemaic Man," whose farmer in his rattly Ford

Wheels with the road, does not discern
He eastward goes at every turn,

Nor how his aged limbs are hurled
Through all the motions of the world,
How wild past farms, past ricks, past trees,
He perishes toward Hercules.

This poem, indeed, is a kind of test. It is the sort of thing that Tristram Coffin wants to do, but it has depths that he has never touched.

The only downright failure in the book, I think, is the long narrative "October Tragedy." The failure is twofold. The material does not lend itself to the medium: there is enough here for a novel (indeed, the tone recalls the author's "Act of Darkness"), and it is crammed into a curiously indecisive free-verse form that simply can't carry it. Moreover, its violence and (to me, at least) repugnant wit produce a kind of strain that is not far from that of a high grade thriller. But "October Tragedy" is one poem out of many; and of the many, a large number are the equals of the finest we have today.

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Security for the Worker

THE UNEMPLOYED WORKER. By E. Wight Bakke. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1940. 457 *pp., with index.* $4.

CITIZENS WITHOUT WORK. By the same author. The same. 1940. 306 *pp., with index.* $3.

SOCIAL WORK YEAR BOOK, 1941. New York: Russell Sage Foundation. 1941. 670 *pp., with index.* $3.25.

Reviewed by ABRAHAM EPSTEIN

NEVER before has America been supplied with more profound and more vivid insight into the unemployed worker and the problems he creates for himself and society than that given by Dr. Bakke in the above two volumes. The result of painstaking study of 200 unemployed workers in New Haven in all their adjustments and reactions for eight years during the depth of the depression, Prof. Bakke's volumes are not only Middletowns of the unemployed but provide us with encyclopedic new information on the psychological, economic, sociological, political, and even religious effects of unemployment. Written lucidly and with obvious feeling, the two volumes shed new light not only upon the unemployed but upon every institution of life as well as the various individual and social provisions so far set up for the jobless.

In these days of darkness and gloom, Mr. Bakke's conclusions are most cheering. Thus, his studies convince him that the national and community provisions for the unemployed do not endanger the incentive to work because "men work for more than money." A job "means more than the wages received for the effort" because the values created by a job "cannot be produced by the receipt of an amount of cash equivalent to wages." His investigation completely refutes the assumption that workers "are motivated by essentially the same incentives and trained in the same school of experience . . . as bankers and professors."

Those concerned with American public welfare will be cheered by Mr. Bakke's findings that despite the multitude of experiences the worker finds to the contrary, the basic conviction that a man is responsible for his own economic success or failure is held steadfastly by the mass of unemployed. "With the exception of a few intellectually inclined adherents to leftist doctrines and an occasional student of society among trade unionists, there was no serious challenge to the ultimate soundness of . . . (the) assumption of individual responsibility for self-support even during the depths of the depression."

That "union men were much more inclined to excuse the employer as caught in a situation over which he had no control than were non-union men" may come as a surprise to many hard-boiled employers but is really a natural result of collective bargaining.

As to direct relief, Mr. Bakke found that in New Haven the security provided from this source was "inadequate" even in comparison with the worker's former limited standards. The worst feature of relief is the investigation and the control which outsiders assume in the worker's household planning and family authority.

While Mr. Bakke questions the value of any kind of work over direct relief, he points out that *"if purposeful, socially useful, and efficiently managed"* work relief provides the unskilled worker with "a basis of social adjustment and status which is similar to and in some cases superior to his former jobs for a private employer." But "no artificial or meaningless job can hope to provide any self-respect for the workers" because they cannot take pride in a job which is a mere excuse for giving them money, which condones loafing, or offers the same reward whether they are good or bad workers.

"The Social Work Year Book for 1941" consists of two main parts: (1) The encyclopedic section with topical articles on different phases of social work; and (2) a directory of public and private national and state agencies of social work.

The second part is both excellent and valuable. While this reviewer does not pretend to have read every article in the first part, he has read those articles dealing with the subjects familiar to him. Judging by these, there seems to be one outstanding distinction between this "Year Book," and the "Encyclopaedia Britannica": Whereas the latter always calls upon the best authorities to write on their specialties, the "Year Book" frequently seems to go out of its way to select shoemakers to tailor suits.

Ethereal Business

I LIVE ON AIR. By A. A. Schechter with Edward Anthony. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 1941. 582 *pp., with pictures.* $3.75.

Reviewed by CHARLES J. ROLO

"I LIVE On Air" is an informal (very informal) history of a hectic decade of radio journalism.

In the early 1930s radio, as Mr. Schechter so pungently phrases it, was "the prize exhibit in American journalism's doghouse." Lowell Thomas had a million-dollar voice but not a nickel's worth of news. The press associations would not sell to radio, and the newspapers were itching for a chance to sue the short pants off the then infant industry if it "lifted" any stories from their pages. At this point, Mr. Schechter became active with a battery of telephones, a scissors, and paste-pot. With the telephone he covered the forty-eight states of the Union, and with the scissors and paste he covered the rest of the world simply by clipping items from the foreign press. In this way radio news was put on the map.

A. A. ("Abe") Schechter

The story of radio's development from its "doghouse" to its "lovely" days is told by Mr. Schechter in the form of *petite histoire* or anecdote. You will find them (the anecdotes) all here:—the first broadcast from the Great Pyramid, the performing parrots, the parachute jumper who got microphobia in mid-air, how Lowell Thomas won the Legion of Honor, and how Arthur Krock acknowledged the Pulitzer Prize award from the men's room of the Hotel Edison. Mr. Schechter and his co-author have an agreeable talent for story-telling, and a racy style marked by a fondness for homespun American idiom. They write from the inside with all the data at their disposal. The result is a readable, in parts highly entertaining volume on a subject that so far has not been adequately covered. Anyone interested in news coverage in general or radio in particular might do well to have a copy of "I Live on Air" on his desk.

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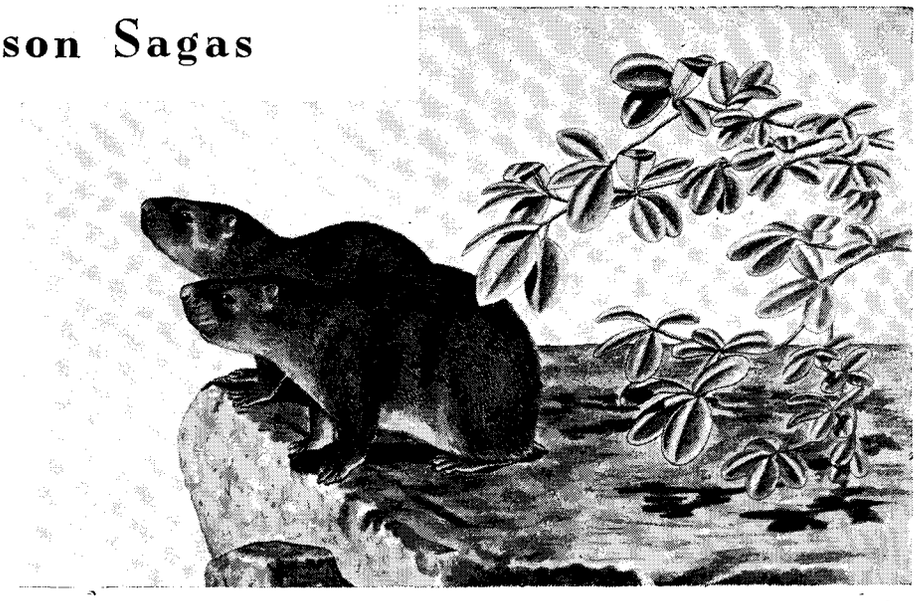
The Sanderson Sagas

LIVING TREASURE. By Ivan T. Sanderson. New York: The Viking Press. 1941. 290 *pp., with index.* $3.50.

Reviewed by LOUIS J. HALLE, JR.



Drawn by the author.

SANDERSON rides again. The zoölogical explorer whose loving observations on the small wild life of the tropics have already appeared in two books, "Animal Treasure," and "Caribbean Treasure," now offers more of the same treasure in a volume that is practically identical with its predecessors. His attention is still focussed as intently and exclusively as ever on the wee, sleekit, cowrin, tim'rous beasties that lurk in the tropical wilderness. Birds cannot distract him, human beings loom in his vision either as they contribute to his researches or obstruct them, and even the large beasts excite no more than a passing awe. A captive vulture is notable only as host to a swarm of parasitic flies, as a sort of bush frequented by wild life. A successful day of hunting, in his view, is one that nets him "five lizards . . . two different frogs, a small scorpion, and one tiny, free-living red mite." What is real and wonderful can be held in the hand.

This is, in a sense, a book of travels, so it must perforce be mentioned that the author and his wife, in the course of their present researches, went from Jamaica to British Honduras to Yucatan. But the locale of whatever plot of jungle, savanna, or pine ridge happens to be under observation is really immaterial. Habitat is what counts to the zoölogical traveler who keeps his eyes on the ground at his feet. In this microcosmic perspective, the immediate "environmental niche" looms larger than the continent on which it occurs, minute ecological relationships count for more than broad geographical distribution. But, so concentrated and vivid is this Sandersonian wonderworld, as it is described in these books, that the reader enters into it immediately and fully, sharing its author's affectionate delight at its minute and often monstrous inhabitants, forgetting that any larger world exists at all. It is hard to believe that a thundering herd of big game could assume more dramatic proportions than, say, the parasol ants whose social activities are chronicled in this volume.

When an author has become established, as Mr. Sanderson now has, it is common to take his virtues for granted and notice faults that, in a new writer of equal caliber, might pass unregarded. The fact is that each of these volumes has been marred, in the presentation, by a sort of personal uneasiness on the author's part, as if he dreaded that his readers would find him at once too frivolous as a scientist and too solemn as a person. He goes out of his way unnecessarily to justify himself. This fault, which often finds its expression in a sort of boastful diffidence (as in the complacent statement that "we do not take ourselves at all seriously"), becomes irritating and often detracts from the genuineness of a genuine intellectual enthusiasm. He seems to feel that he must be at pains to persuade his readers that, while he works in dead earnest, he has, nevertheless, as healthy a scorn for the "pomposities" of science and exploration as he supposes they must have. So he cuts short his simple and utterly absorbing scientific expositions with self-conscious apologies and frivolous expressions of contempt that are really not necessary at all. Like a man's sobriety, these things are always better taken for granted.

This is a small reservation, but it is worth mentioning since we may, by now, hope that these books will continue in a long series. About the many drawings of small animals with which Mr. Sanderson has illustrated his narrative there can be no reservations at all. They give the impression of being precisely right, of fitting themselves perfectly to the spirit and content of his text. They reveal, equally with the text, the peculiar keenness and originality, the warmth and humor, that invariably distinguish his observations.

Protecting Nature's Treasures

WILDLIFE CONSERVATION. By Ira N. Gabrielson. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1941. 250 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by LOUIS J. HALLE, JR.

ONE of the likeliest causes for the failures of democracy is that the people, upon whom the responsibility of government eventually rests, are unable to grasp the long-range problems that depend on them for solution. We Americans have always been great when it came to dealing with an immediate and obvious emergency. But, as Dr. Gabrielson points out, the battle of conservation cannot be won in "a short, sharp engagement"; it "must be grim, tenacious warfare," extended in time and looking forward to generations beyond our own. Otherwise our children shall inherit, in place of the rich continent that was ours, a great American desert.

For the people to deal adequately with a problem of such farflung complexity as conservation they must be impressed, by the competent experts, with the reality of that problem and the means available for its solution. No expert is more competent for this purpose than Dr. Ira Gabrielson, who has charge of the federal government's wildlife-conservation program, and it is unlikely that a clearer statement of the problem has appeared than this present volume. It is, therefore, a volume of outstanding importance. Though its emphasis is on the conservation of wildlife, specifically, Dr. Gabrielson repeatedly underlines the fact that "soil, water, forest, and wildlife conservation are only parts of one inseparable program." These organic resources exist in a state of mutual dependence: whatever the future may hold for any of them will be common to all of them. So the first half of this volume is devoted to an exposition of the factors involved in the conservation of our soil, water, forests, and

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grasslands, as an introduction to the specific problem of restoring and conserving our native forms of wildlife.

Dr. Gabrielson writes with the authority of his official position, but the reader is likely to be even more impressed by the authority of his manifest integrity. Far from being a propagandist, he represents, as few among us do, that ideal of the impartial, incorruptible, and reasonable seeker after truth which H. G. Wells and Julian Huxley have upheld as the hope of the future. Unlike some of the more ardent conservationists, he recognizes that, as a matter of practicality, human interests must be held paramount, and that primitive nature must be managed to conform with them. Where, in particular instances, the argument for conservation is weakened by such practical considerations, he does not hesitate to recognize the fact. But he distinguishes between the opportunities for immediate gain from the exploitation of our wildlife and the long-range interests of the American people as a whole. His inescapable conclusion is that we must learn to regard our organic resources as natural crops that we may harvest only with such restraint and such provision as to leave the seed-stock intact, rather than as mines to be depleted.

If every American could be made familiar with the contents of this book, we could all feel easier about the long future of our race.

New Dimensions in China

DAWN WATCH IN CHINA. By Joy Homer. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1941. 340 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by T. A. Bisson

FOR more than a year, beginning in December, 1938, Joy Homer wandered over the face of China. During this time, as news correspondent for the Inter-Church Relief Committee, she probably covered more territory, and certainly reached many more out-of-the-way spots, than any of the regular newspaper men assigned to China. In the free areas, her itinerary swings in a vast circle from the coast below Shanghai through the southern and southwestern provinces, on to Chungking and Chengtu in the west, and finally into the Communist and guerrilla territories of the northwest. In occupied China, there was a rail trip from Peking to Nanking and a brief visit to Dairen and Mukden. The pilgrimage ended in Japan, where behind closed doors she found the opportunity of bringing to many groups a truthful picture of what their military had been accomplishing in China.

In widely separated corners of China, the author experienced a series of narrow escapes from disaster that would have daunted a less stout-hearted person. The destructive bombing of Kweilin early in 1939 found her standing with poised camera on the city wall, but fragments of the bombs that dropped thirty yards below passed by harmlessly. Many months later, outside the walls of Tsinan, Japanese bullets—fired by soldiers who were sure they had discovered guerrillas—whizzed uncomfortably close to her and her fiancé. There was no time or opportunity for explanations; escape lay in a combination of ditches, fleetfootedness, and poor markmanship. Of all her travel exploits, undoubtedly the most remarkable was the visit to the unfrequented guerrilla zone north of Tungkuan on both sides of the Yellow River. The hazards of riding a truck on a mountain road more suitable for a goat are impressively described. On a dark night, as she traveled along a ledge overhanging the river's swift and muddy torrent, her pony slipped to its knees and catapulted her over its head—but she drew her legs up from the abyss and managed to keep on, at the pony's tail. The crossing and re-crossing of the torrential river on a scow, carrying both animals and humans, also held moments of some uneasiness. But this trip into Yen Hsi-shan's "New Army" region, as well as her stay with the Chinese Communists at Yenan, rounded out her picture of China's resistance.

Many readers will gain a new appreciation of the dimensions and difficulties of China's struggle from this narrative of a sympathetic, open-eyed observer. It does not pretend to be a factual or analytic study, but it captures those elusive intangibles of atmosphere and human feeling that are more important to real understanding. Perhaps the sole criticism might be that it is a little too lyrical in its admiration, and does not bear down hard enough on the obstacles which still confront the building of a democratic China. The attempt to gloss over the existing Kuomintang-Communist conflict, which extends far beyond a mere "personal quarrel," is one example of an approach that verges at times on the naive. It is necessary at this time to stir the American people's sympathy for China, but it is equally necessary that the shortcomings within China be faced in order that our influence may be intelligently directed and that no disillusionment may later occur.

Flight in France

THE ROAD TO BORDEAUX. By C. Denis Freeman & Douglas Cooper. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1941. 408 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by Linton Wells

REJECTED for military service by their own government, two young Britons—C. Denis Freeman and Douglas Cooper—joined the French army on the day King Leopold of Belgium surrendered. They were assigned to the Section Sanitaire Automobile du Front. A week later they were at Villiers-sur-Marne, northeast of Paris, driving ambulances. "The Road to Bordeaux" is their simply written, intensely dramatic day-by-day account of the next twenty days and nights of "undiluted hell," from June 3 to 23, 1940.

During the first five days, Freeman and Cooper worked tirelessly for endless hours, bringing the wounded (who also didn't cry) back from the front, around Oigny. They were appalled by the ever-present human suffering and senseless destruction of life and property, and frankly terrified out of their wits much of the time, because the Red Crosses on their ambulances were "more an attraction than a warning" to merciless Nazi raiders. "Anyone who says he is not frightened at such times," says Freeman, "is either a liar or has something wrong with his glands."

On June 8, the Germans captured Oigny and the French hospital at Villiers-sur-Marne was transferred hastily southward to Rebais. People were gloomy and depressed, but the retreat was orderly.

When the Germans crossed the Marne, France was stunned. Then panic gripped the populace. Caught inextricably in this chaos, unable to visualize what had happened, Freeman and Cooper and their ambulances were carried on to Sens, Auxerre, Chateauroux, Limoges, and St. Yrieix. By then it was June 22 and France had given up. Realizing they must escape to England or be made prisoners of war, Freeman and Cooper persuaded their Colonel to let them go to Bordeaux, whence they reached relative safety on a British destroyer.

"The Road to Bordeaux" doesn't deal with the political or military aspects of the French debacle, it deals with the reality of unreality, as decent people fight and suffer and die for culture and civilization. And you'll never forget this eloquent picture of the tragedy a carefully nurtured, subconscious spirit of defeatism can engender among such people.

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SHAKESPEARE AND IVORY BOMB SHELTERS

(*Continued from page 4*)

quite new kind of character enters—and enters in a quite different sense: Not to the eye but to the ear.

Enter Ariel

"Tis a good dullness, and give it way," says Prospero—the best advice that can be said to any artist. Each mind has its own variety of dullness and must discover its own mode of refreshment.

There is a drowsy quality (Caliban tells us) in the island air. It is the island of the subconscious where the mind is getting ready to think things that have not yet taken form as words. The visions and sound effects of that island have the same relation to written words that the bee in the hollyhock has to the honeycomb.

The extraordinary excitement of "The Tempest" is that no inquisitive unspoiled mind ever examines it without feeling intuitively, here is something quite outside the rules. It does not know just why or how. Is it just an idiom of my own that my adolescent recurring fancy or deliberate put-myself-to-sleep imagery was of a beach of yellow sand and an always unidentified Miranda in the clear, Bermuda-colored surf?

Collaborating with our partner, as though he had just brought us his manuscript, let's first be a bit literal. What is Ariel "and all his quality?" First he filled the ship with flame and puzzled its company distracted. It sounds, today, like a symbol of the Press. Ariel had formerly been the slave of the damned witch Sycorax, for whose purposes he was "too delicate" and was imprisoned in "a cloven pine" —which we might, for our own humor, identify with any forest of newsprint pulp. (This is no more grotesque than any other commentator's trapeze work.) The spirit Ariel, who had been bewitched into groaning hackwork, was released by Prospero's art into his new airy service. Note even in Prospero's severities to Ariel a feeling of affectionate chaff as of an employer to his most intimate employee. No matter how silly it may seem to hang a placard around Ariel's neck, the collaborating mind may find it useful to do so. What is one secret hope or desire of every magician: to move the minds of innumerable people and so to readjust the great weights and burdens of the earth. Even Dr. Einstein, whom we have long thought of as a modern Prospero, marooned in the intellectual island of the Institute for Advanced Studies, has his own Ariels or associates, and finds the old sweater and pants as necessary to his art as the mantle or dressing-gown, which was evidently Shakespeare's symbol of Professor Prospero's studious isolation.

So we pin on Ariel a tentative label wider than The Press. Let us call that spirit Communication. Perhaps even, using the many suggestions of speed and music and multiformity, let us call him Radio. Even by a lamentable pun, Aerial. It is not impossible that is exactly what Shakespeare meant, though the encyclopaedia contradicts us.

With the simplicity of dramatists our author thinks it necessary to offer the immediate contrast of Ariel and Caliban. Note that even Caliban has his own theology, which interested Browning. Prospero suggests that his greatest mistake was in teaching Caliban language, though we can scarcely regret it since some of the best lines are his. The sentimentalist will think that Prospero was not always discreet in his treatment of the brute-man: but whether by Setebos or Sycorax or the magician's harsh discipline, Caliban had been pretty well Nazified, even to the coincidence of a passion for book-burning. One of the problems that any kind of executive has to consider is how far to let his public into the secret of what he is doing to them. In his original job in Milan, Duke Prospero paid no attention to his public and got heaved out. Evidently the twelve years on the island have put new ideas in his head. He is wise enough, however, to put Miranda to sleep while he gives Ariel his instructions. But he wishes her to be sharply aware of Caliban and his dangers.

Even more than most of our collaborator's work, "The Tempest" is rich in double-talk. But in the passage of time some of his duplicities have lost their suggestion; consequently it is the more desirable to replace them with doublings of our own. Before dispersing his Ariel or secret mind to the elements he was setting down a kind of intellectual income tax report. His intellectual revenue, his depreciation and expense of spirit, are honorably noted, and he makes payment in his vision for humanity. Most scholars "discard" the sad little epilogue; the real epilogue is the greatest single speech in Shakespeare (Act IV, sc.i) "Our revels now are ended, &c."—I like to remember that the wisest of recent critics (Saintsbury) called it "perhaps the grandest example of the Grand Style in all literature." It is the one passage in Shakespeare

"There is... Something new under the sun...

AMIEL

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that might have been expressly written for another magical island—Manhattan.

Conflict on the Island

Prospero has escaped from the rivalries and cruelties of society into the selfish island of his own identity. It was his brother (Antonio) who desired to be "absolute" (as we would now say, "totalitarian"). It is silly to suppose that Shakespeare was just naif in so frequently using the theme of struggle, rivalry, hatred, between brothers. Shakespeare was nobody's fool and I believe he wished to suggest by his fratriphobias the savage bitterness of every civil war between two opposing phases of the same idea. The same quality of concentration which Prospero put upon his studies appeared in Antonio as the passion for political power. Antonio says of himself that his spirits are nimble; it is he who tries to needle the lethargic Sebastian.

Even in the island of his inward exile Prospero finds again the elements of conflict. On one hand, the lovely and innocent Miranda whom the spectator may fabulize according to his own need. Philip Barry would call her Liberty Jones. She is actually the first white American girl in literature—about the same date as the real Virginia Dare (who, I learn in the Columbia Encyclopaedia, was the daughter of Ananias Dare). Bermuda was discovered in 1609 by Somers; if Shakespeare thought of Miranda as then fifteen, she was born about 1594, Virginia Dare was born at Roanoke in 1587; but we have only the testimony of Ananias. Perhaps Virginia Dare and Miranda Prospero were the same? Sometimes one likes to think of her as the unspoiled possibility of American democracy, call her Columbia the Gem of the Ocean. Or you may metagrobolize her as the plastic elements of youth any where and any time.

Over against this attractive child stands the three-generation adversary Setebos-Sycorax-Caliban. One does not take the Caliban family with too professorial seriousness but our collaborator evidently means some suggestion of a principle of evil: beginning as mercurial intellectual evil (note the sharp snakelike hissing syllables of *Setebos* and *Sycorax*) and draining or loosening down to the big, clumsy, heavy-footed carnality of Caliban, in whom, however, are the yeasting convulsions of raw sensibility. Our collaborator has too much sense to think all this "out." Simply he *feels* it, as he intends us to do.

The trio Prospero-Miranda-Ariel are in command, in opposition to Setebos-Sycorax-Caliban, until the accident of the storm—note that it occurs during a fascist attempt to take over the African coastline; most magnificent 1941 coincidence. The shipload of symbolical fascists lands at the Bermuda soul base. (There are plenty of naval bases in the Caribbean but Prospero's island is the great intellectual base, which Shakespeare now offers to us on a lease-lend agreement if we know how to use it.)

"The Tempest" is perhaps both the subtlest and the simplest political and spiritual fairytale in our language. As Prospero says, his project "gathers to a head"—the head of the spectator. While it moves, "Time goes upright with his carriage." Of all contemporary writers perhaps Aldous Huxley has been most alert to Prospero's provocations and Miranda's phrase "Brave New World." On this island-base of western freedom, Caliban-Mussolini and Sycorax-Hitler come to shipwreck and it is even a shipwreck such as described by our magician which has in it no hatred for the unlucky millions behind these adventurers. Even they had their vision of a different world; but the new order cannot turn from west to east. Our collaborator in this last desperate testament was looking west for the first time.

"He vanishes in thunder—" I can't read the words or say them without thinking of Hitler. I have tried not to give too much importance to the fables I find for myself in Shakespeare's fancy. Is it fair to dope a great innocent work of art with the drugs and poisons of our momentary need? Then I reflect that one quality of art is complete volatility in time. Never forget that Prospero's island is inside the reader's head; time can never penetrate the skull.

I had always thought that the horseplay of Trinculo creeping under Caliban's "gaberdine" was sorry groundling stuff; but revise Caliban and Trinculo as Hitler and Mussolini and see what a gorgeous cartoon. Consider Stephano's comment on this axis: "His forward voice is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches." Most of Europe has crept under Caliban's blanket, and it has indeed a fishy smell.

The epitaph for most Shakespeare commentators is the stage direction for the Reapers in the masque: "To a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they Heavily Vanish." So I'll hand the script to some unspoiled producer and do just that.

You cannot live forever on that Island. It fades like the smoke ring from Prospero's cigarette which opens my version. It is buried many fathoms more than five. Let the customer think of it as he will. He can conjecture the blue-eyed hag Sycorax as Aryan or Nordic bigotry. Ariel's pipe and tabor may be a memory of the tropical insect-noises that scared the voyagers at night. Prospero he can speculate as Science, or Democracy, or Uncle Sam, or Thought itself. Or he can let the words drift away above him like skywriting in April. The point is that after borrowing bolus-plots all his life, our collaborator suddenly took his own mind for script. Thus he is "anchored in the bay where all men ride."

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Charlie Chan, in "The House Without A Key" and many other detective stories by Earl Derr Biggers.
2. Bo-bo, in "A Dissertation Upon Roast Pig," by Charles Lamb.
3. "Kubla Khan," by Samuel Taylor Coleridge.
4. Ah Sin, in "Plain Language from Truthful James," by Bret Harte.
5. Wang Lung, in "The Good Earth," by Pearl Buck.
6. Aladdin, in "The Arabian Nights."
7. Lo-Tsen, in "Lost Horizon," by James Hilton.
8. Cheng Huan, in "The Chink and the Child," by Thomas Burke.
9. Taou Yuen, in "Java Head," by Joseph Hergesheimer.
10. Golden Bells, in "Messer Marco Polo," by Donn Byrne.

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Pain Into Pleasure

MASOCHISM IN MODERN MAN. By Theodor Reik. New York: Farrar & Rinehart, Inc. 1941. 439 *pp., with index.* $4.

Reviewed by RUBIN GOTESKY

DR. REIK, in this book, deals with an extraordinary phenomenon. Masochism is prevalent primarily among civilized people whose intellectual and moral development has enhanced tremendously their capacity for deep suffering. Accepting this as the fact, Dr. Reik tries to trace the origins of masochism from its sexual stage to its desexualized or cultural form; which he calls "social masochism."

It was Freud who first saw profoundly into masochism and made the first really important contribution to its understanding. He defined it as a turning-in of the ego on itself, as a form of self-punishment for forbidden aggressive and destructive impulses. In this first formulation of Freud's theory, Dr. Reik feels a great truth was revealed; but it was only part of the truth. In this bald form, it came into contradiction with the great psychological and biological law that organisms seek pleasure, not pain. In Freud's theory, the masochist apparently sought pain, not pleasure.

Dr. Reik concludes that the fundamental source of the mistake of all previous analysts has been the failure to consider masochism dynamically. Thus they failed to see that the desire or need for pain is merely a device by which the masochist is able to achieve gratification in pleasure. When the pain of the masochist is viewed as a means to pleasure, then there is no contradiction of this fact with the fundamental principle of the psychic life: that organisms seek pleasure and avoid pain.

Dr. Reik finds the answer in three facts which seriously affect men, and ultimately turn them into masochists. These facts are fear of punishment, frustration of desire, and anxiety arising out of both. The developed masochist, who originally had cause to fear that his pleasure would be denied him, rushes to meet anticipated pain. By meeting or anticipating his punishment and accepting pain, he thinks he succeeds in overcoming psychologically the primary obstacles which prevent him from achieving pleasure. In the developed masochist, pain and pleasure are perversely but intimately united. Social masochism is simply the extension or expansion of the same mechanisms present at the sexual level to desexualized individual and social objectives.

Dr. Reik very sensibly considers social masochism neither a perversion nor a neurosis. How can anything so universal among civilized people be described as either? Nor does he like other analysts condemn it as out and out bad. How can anything which has been so often productive of so much that is great in literature, art, science, music, and politics be condemned outright? Moreover this psychological habit which has helped so many people to endure and to overcome hardship, bad fortune, or self-made disaster can hardly be condemned as life-destructive. Dr. Reik, therefore, believes that the only criterion for evaluating social masochism is the results it brings about.

Dr. Reik has written, theoretically speaking, a very brilliant book. He has formulated an hypothesis which is not merely novel and breath-taking in its implications, but scientifically concrete. Further investigation will be sure either to substantiate it largely or to reject it. Moreover, his good sense of the limits of applicability of his hypothesis prevents him from forcing it into fields of history and social science where factors other than the psychological have to be taken into account.

The Palmetto State

SOUTH CAROLINA: A Guide to the Palmetto State. *Compiled by Workers of the W.P.A. in the State of Carolina. Oxford University Press.* 1941. 514 *pp., with index.* $2.75.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

THIS guide to South Carolina, with its excellent illustrations, is not quite so good as the Connecticut Guide which has already been reviewed in these columns, but nevertheless keeps up to the high level of this series. The difficulty is that South Carolina is so crammed full of history that the most interesting items are likely to be diverted to the smaller type which carries the elaborations of the histories of various South Carolinian communities. These subsidiary comments on South Carolinian history are excellent, and so are the historical and scientific prefaces. One notes, perhaps because of special knowledge, a too sketchy account of the extraordinarily interesting Santee region, and the apparent omission of such an important South Carolinian authority as Samuel G. Stoney, but it is a good book and will be most valuable, especially, for the numerous tourists who find in South Carolina one of the most interesting parts of the United States.

"The Quaker Way"

JUST AMONG FRIENDS. By William Wistar Comfort. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1941. 210 *pp., with index.* $2.

Reviewed by HELEN THOMAS FLEXNER

THIS is a detailed and lucid exposition of "The Quaker Way of Life," the subject of the book as indicated by its subtitle. The style while sober and sedate contains many phrases characteristic of Quaker speech, which give it a special interest and flavor. Inevitably and rightly the facts are presented from the Friends' point of view, since the author is a birthright member of the Religious Society of Friends, comes of a long line of Quaker ancestors, and was for many years President of Haverford College, a Quaker institution.

None the less the book is in no sense propaganda. It contains no special pleading, but is a statement of the historical as well as the contemporary facts regarding Quaker discipline by an author who is thoroughly informed regarding them and knows by experiences their spiritual value.

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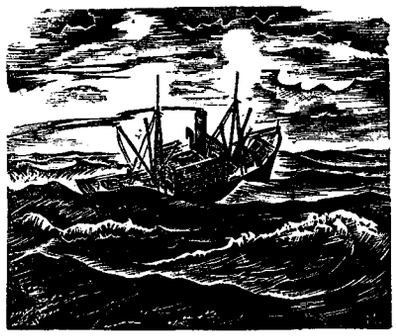
ple" felt by Friends is made clear and also their abiding conviction that they have a vital mission to perform in the world. Little however is said of the American Friends Service Committee which is so widely known and so deeply trusted at home and abroad because of its work done during the last war and continuing in many fields with ever increasing effectiveness. This omission is an example of the modesty with which President Comfort has told his story.

Specially interesting to this reviewer is the author's account of the Quaker attitude towards government. "With politics as distinct from government," he tells us, "Quakers have never had much to do." It seems however permissible to question the validity of this distinction, since in a republic candidates for office must present themselves to the electorate. Had Quakers run for office even if only in their own immediate localities they might have done much to lessen the stridency of candidates and the insincerity of campaign promises and when elected to reform the government under which we must all live. The Quaker procedure for influencing government has from the beginning been to send delegations or individuals to legislators and officials to advise, to encourage, or to remonstrate. President Comfort cites many such interviews, the most interesting of which



is that between Lincoln in 1862 and Eliza P. Gurney and her companions.

That the procedure adopted by Friends makes a strong appeal to other men of good will is strikingly shown in Jules Romains's recent book, "The Seven Mysteries of Europe." In it he describes how he and his followers set themselves to exert systematic pressure on important statesmen in France and even in Germany, with the hope of preserving the peace of Europe.

Though such efforts may fail none the less the testimony borne by men and women of good will is of inestimable value, since it remains true that the world can be saved only by faith. "Just among Friends" reaffirms and strengthens our belief in "the Inner Light, the Witness in the individual heart," which George Fox, the founder of Quakerism, called "that of God in every man."

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE SINGING WIDOW *Veronica Parker Johns* (Duell, Sloane & Pearce: $2.)	Double murder in proud poor and decadent Virginia clan unsnarled by jazz musician with help of spiritist and bereaved young Floridienne.	Dark and dreadful tale of family hatred lightened by wholesome heroine and likeable ivory-tickler. Writing deserves some special encomiums.	Startling
LADY IN LILAC *Susannah Shane* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Penniless young stage aspirant saves affluent beauty from suicide, impersonates her, and tumbles into murder. Saturnine mystery man takes over principal sleuthing.	Taking for granted certain situations that strain credibility, story's zest, suspense, and melodramatic moments put it across.	Palpitating
SIMON LASH, PRIVATE DETECTIVE *Frank Gruber* (Farrar & Rinehart: $2.)	Vanished Cal. banker turns up murdered. Book-loving sleuth reluctantly handles case and uncovers several nasty kettles of fish.	Lash is pleasantly disreputable addition to tough-guy detective regiment. Plot may not baffle experts but wind-up has exhilarating touches.	Routine
THE LONGBOW MURDER *Victor Luhrs* (Norton: $2.)	Lethal arrow ends career of medieval seigneur in Chateau Gaillard. Others perish but Lionhearted Richard, no less, unravels it.	Detecting of kingly sleuth as recorded by 12th century scribe would win him bouncer job on most any homicide squad.	Quaint

Books in Brief

BOUGHT A MOUNTAIN, *Ronald Firbank, Countryman Press.* $2.75. Some seven years ago Mr. Firbank and his enchanting wife, Esmé, bought twenty-four hundred acres of Welsh mountainside, a sheep farm, with hens, hogs, and a snack-bar thrown in. This book is the casual chronicle of their activities, of the country people with whom they dealt, of the strange diseases that lie in wait for creatures in flocks and herds. It also conveys the contagious joy in life, the gay and funny things that happen along with difficult and serious ones, and the final conclusion of the author that this wild freedom is what he fights to defend.

BACK O' THE MOUNTAIN, *Margaret Flint, Dodd, Mead & Co.* $2.50. The weak, selfish woman who dominates and ruins her family is well known to fiction. But Mrs. Flint's novel of family life in rural Maine today has vitality and sound craftsmanship. Caroline Clement's husband escapes by dying and Sam, the younger son, by marrying a girl who is everything his mother is not. The elder son eventually leaves home and Caroline, refusing to live alone, plants herself as a self-invited guest in the household of Sam and Kate. The rest of the story shows how mental and moral illness can be almost as contagious as a germ disease.

MCGILLYCUDDY: AGENT, *Julia B. McGillycuddy, Stanford University Press,* $3. Dr. Valentine T. McGillycuddy was government topographer, army field and post surgeon, and Indian agent in the early Northwest. His biographer is his widow. At twenty-six he was on survey duty with the army in the dearly held sanctuary of the Sioux. His fortunes thence mingled with those of the Sioux and Northern Cheyenne. In 1879, he was agent at Pine Ridge, Dakota Territory, the reservation for 9,000 uneasy Sioux. His biography contributes another source book upon the West of Red Cloud, Crazy Horse, Sitting Bull, Crook, Custer, California Joe, and Calamity Jane.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 369)

H. D. LAWRENCE:

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Come quickly spring!
. . . . . and vindicate us against too much death.
Come quickly and stir the rotten globe of the world from within,
Burst it with germination, with world anew.
Come now, to us, your adherents, who cannot flower from the ice. . . . . .

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A PRIMER OF ECONOMICS, *Stuart Chase, Random House,* $1.00. Lynd Ward has handsomely illustrated Stuart Chase's brief but valuable ABC of economics. It explains where we are going and why. Cold comfort to the harassed upper-middle class, it may send icy shivers down the backs of the rich. But to young people to whom it is addressed it will seem reasonable and reassuring. It should be put into the hands of boys and girls of high school age.

LUNG FISH AND THE UNICORN, *Willy Ley, Modern Age Books,* $2.75. Mr. Ley calls his fascinating book an excursion into romantic zoölogy. Here the unicorn, the sea-serpent, the basilisk, and the dragon of medieval belief are in the company of those recently extinct or living survivals of past ages, the lung fish, platypus, the dodo, the giant sloth, and the okapi. The chapter on the sea-serpent is enthralling since he surveys the evidence for the existence of these eighty-foot monsters with sympathetic credulity. This book on the lunatic fringe of zoölogy is diverting and instructive. Illustrated.

THE WISDOM OF THOMAS JEFFERSON, *edited by Edward Boykin, Doubleday, Doran & Co.,* $2.50. Eight years of research through the writings, letters, and notebooks of Thomas Jefferson have produced this sound and valuable collection of Jeffersoniana. There is probably no political figure today who is more quoted and less read by the public. One is apt to forget that in an age when letter writing was a major occupation for public men, Jefferson was one of the most fluent; there was almost no intellectual occupation in which he was not versed. Included is the complete text of "The Life and Morals of Jesus of Nazareth."

THE MAN WHO STAYED IN TEXAS, *Ann Nathan and Harry I. Cohen, Whittlesey House,* $2.75. The life story of seventy-five year old Rabbi Cohen of Galveston, Texas. At eighteen, Henry Cohen, a devout young Jew, was distributing food tickets to the poor of London. A few years later as a Rabbi he had found his way to Texas, via South Africa and Jamaica. Then began his remarkable career as a preacher without religious prejudice, and as a humanitarian fighting always against poverty and wrongdoing. He has become almost a legend in the softer Texas of today.

HALF THAT GLORY, *Stanley Gray, The Macmillan Co.,* $2.50. An earnest tale of Revolutionary days in which a young man runs away from a brutal father, pirates a brig, and with the unlawful proceeds cuts a swath in England and France. Too deep an affection for the legendary Beaumarchais (who wrote the Barber of Seville), a life too involved with past memories, leads the hero into a complicated mess of love, European politics, and a growing patriotism for his native land. Love and America win, but without many cheers from the reader.

THE TELEPHONE IN A CHANGING WORLD, *M. M. Dilts, Longmans, Green & Co.,* $2.50. A concise account of the invention, development, and growth of the telephone to its present status of universal usefulness. Wholly American in invention, there are more telephones in this country than in all the rest of the world. The chapters on its place in American life and on telephone by-products are most interesting. This story of its change, from a clumsy squawking wooden box which Alexander Graham Bell demonstrated to skeptical New England audiences in 1877, to the instrument that utters words across oceans and continents and which has a legitimate union with radio, should be widely read. Notes and index.

SIREN SONG, *A. P. Herbert, Doubleday, Doran & Co.,* $1.50. A. P. Herbert is known to readers of *Punch* as England's leading humorist, most brilliant crusader, and a master of light verse. Some of his verse is gay and light-hearted, some cynical and bitter. His enemy is Germany and the Germans, though many of his poems were written before the war. This little book should be read for its expression of the spirit of embattled Britain.

A PRACTICAL GUIDE TO AMERICAN BOOK COLLECTING, *Whitman Bennett, Bennett Book Studios, Inc.,* $7.50. This book begins with John Eliot's translation of the Bible and William Hubbard's "Narrative of the Troubles with the Indians in New England" and ends with "For Whom the Bell Tolls" and "My Name is Aram." In between are about a thousand books. The choices are Mr. Bennett's. He is a practical bookman and is familiar with the collecting trends of the present and of recent years. Some of the biographical data is trivial or supererogatory—shortcomings of moment in a conspectus whereof the chief virtue should be compactness.

INSECTS AND THEIR STORIES, *Harry Hoogstrall, Thomas Y. Crowell Co.,* $2. Of the 625,000 insects known to science Mr. Hoogstrall presents a fascinating account of the life history of sixty-four of those best known to man in this part of the world. The ant is missing but here are plenty of beatles, flies, butterflies, moths, and bugs with their odd mating habits, and handsome full page portraits, camera studies by Melvin Martinson and drawings by Dr. Carl O. Mohr. Most of them are more destructive enemies of man than any dictator. This book should be in the library of every man or woman who cultivates a garden.

H. S.

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	15-G	16-D	17-E		18-C	19-P	20-Z	21-T	22-S	23-Y	24-R		25-M	26-R	27-O	
28-N	29-V	30-R	31-E	32-J		33-V	34-W	35-Y	36-U	37-S		38-Z	39-Y	40-Q	41-G	
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56-I	57-N		58-N	59-V	60-P	61-R	62-H	63-M	64-I		65-T	66-E		67-O	68-Z	69-N
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96-K	97-L	98-T		99-I	100-Y	101-M	102-U	103-X	104-C		105-L	106-P	107-E	108-F	109-H	110-S
	111-S	112-Q	113-F	114-D		115-Y	116-F	117-A	118-B		119-T	120-P	121-G	122-M	123-U	124-R
125-S	126-E		127-A	128-T	129-C	130-N	131-Q		132-D	133-K	134-Q	135-G		136-A	137-Z	138-E
	139-F	140-C	141-U	142-H	143-W	144-P		145-L	146-H	147-X		148-R	149-A	150-G	151-L	
152-X	153-T	154-F	155-O	156-K	157-F		158-Q	159-D	160-S		161-X	162-M	163-U	164-C	165-W	166-V
167-P	168-Z		169-G	170-E		171-X	172-C	173-Z	174-O	175-R	176-G					

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1938 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 20 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Any of the various sages and heroes of India.

B. English verse-chronicler (about 1200).

C. Misfortunes.

D. Radiance of God as in clouds (Bib.)

E. To move away (2 wds.)

F. Tropical American yam (comp.)

G. Science of the good.

H. Holy Roman Emperor (1273-91).

I. Small, simple oboe.

J. Native nursemaid (India).

K. Fragrant ointment made from a plant (Bib.)

L. Sitting, as a lion (Her.)

M. Talked much and idly.

N. British portrait painter (1734-1802).

O. Powerless for an expected result.

P. Thing of small compass or value.

Q. Droplike.

R. That which follows as a result.

S. Individuality.

T. Agricultural science dealing with crop production.

U. Unsound or corrupt.

V. Mother of Pentheus.

W. One of the "Hartford Wits" (1754-1812).

X. Tabulated results of testing for weight.

Y. Not in the least.

Z. Religious law, teaching (Hindu, Buddh.)

WORDS

127 149 46 10 72 136 117

48 9 86 77 52 1 118

129 88 104 140 164 172 18

114 159 51 91 132 45 83 16

126 93 17 138 31 107 170 66

90 108 157 116 139 154 113 71

150 75 121 15 50 169 47 135 176 41

142 62 78 146 109 80 7

99 14 64 44 95 70 56

94 32 4 12

133 96 73 156

105 74 145 89 97 151

25 101 162 11 6 55 63 122

69 81 58 130 28 57

174 155 67 5 27

167 19 92 60 106 3 144 120

131 79 49 134 40 158 112 84

24 124 61 26 30 175 148

125 160 111 37 43 13 22 110

85 119 128 65 82 153 21 98

163 141 102 54 36 123

166 33 59 29 8

165 143 34 76 53 42

87 171 152 103 147 161

23 100 39 2 35 115

168 137 68 173 20 38

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TRADE WINDS

MEET Mrs. Eilley Bowers. The lady is in "City of Illusion," the fine, new novel by Vardis Fisher. When Mrs. Bowers struck it rich she and her old man traveled to Europe for culture, silverware, and beautifully bound books. Eilley loved beautifully bound books and when she lost them at a forced sale she tried to buy them back. We like the miner who bought them. He is one of the few book sellers we've run across for some time who had original ideas about books and authors and prices. And since the American Booksellers Association meets within a few days, perhaps the following brief excerpt from the book may stimulate additional conversation.

"You're a fool!" Eilley cried, and went out to the man with the books. "How much do you want for your books?"

The man looked speculatively at the piles by the road. "How much you give?"

"A hundred dollars."

"Nope. My friend Bill, he says this is the bettern saddle leather. You can't buy saddle leather that cheap."

"But you can't make saddles out of books!"

"Mebbe not," said the man, eyeing his treasure. "But I figger they're worth a pile of coin. Bill, he says they're the best books ever wrote. All the best writers, he says, wrote 'em."

"A book by a good writer doesn't cost any more than a book by a bad writer."

"Huh? Hell, you don't expect me to believe that. It don't make sense. Good things cost always more than bad ones."

"Not books."

"Sure, books. I got the best books ever wrote all wrapped up in saddle leather. Why, look," he said, and stooped to feel. "Hell, a tobacco pouch, it costs two dollars and it ain't no leather like that. And I figger them great writers, they don't sell their books for a song neither."

★ ★

☞We're approaching the rather dull days of publishing and when two or more book publishers get together at one of their favorite haunts they ought to ask themselves, as the Miner puts it, "why a book by a good writer doesn't cost any more than a book by a bad writer?" And then the first thing you know they'll dash back to their offices and do something about it. ☞It's amusing to think of Eilley. We're wondering whether Proverbs xx:14 came to her mind when he made his offer—"It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer; but when he is gone his way then he boasteth." The very handsome book catalogues of the Rosenbach Galleries always bear this quotation.

★ ★

☞One of the finest compilations of books to come our way recently is *Good Reading*, a publication of some eighty pages and crammed with information of 1,000 books. *Good Reading* is gotten up by The Committee On College Reading and sells for 20 cents. It is compactly organized and begins with a series of books on early civilization and carries on through modern continental fiction. Most of the books are available in inexpensive editions.

★ ★

☞Tecumseh, Oklahoma, harbors The State Industrial School for Girls. The industrious girls in this Industrial School publish their own magazine—*The Lantern*. It is an attractive mimeograph job; within its very slender pages are a few lines worth reprinting.

The moon is a slender curved finger,
Playing a rhapsody for an April evening.

—Ray King.

★ ★

☞Question: Are there any women who have learned to write profitably in a correction institution and have continued their literary careers after their release? We know of men. Perhaps we're opening up a minor field of research. ☞Frank Merriwell rides again! Gil Patten, the famous author of the Frank Merriwell series of books that used to thrill the boys at the turn of the century, has pulled Frank down from the attic and has given him a rejuvenated lease on life. The new Gil Patten book is called "Mr. Frank Merriwell," and Alliance Book Corportion pays the royalties.

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> Throughout our history, whether as an island or as an extension of the continental land-mass, it has been our lot to sit at the corner of Europe and receive influences from many directions. . . . Hardly a major wave of civilization has surged across Europe but sooner or later it has broken upon our shores. It is in this variegated tradition, this mixture and coalescence of ideas and ways of doing things, rather than in any sterile "purity" of culture that we recognize our heritage.

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